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LOVING LOOKS.

BY S. E.

Mine own! when, banish'd from thy side,
I pen thee many a loving line;
How do I miss a boon denied,
How yearn for one fond look of thine!

Than thy dear heart, my guileless one,
This world contains no purer shrine;
My noblest life had not begun
Till on me beam'd those looks of thine.

Deprived too long of Sol's warm beams,
Full many a sturdy plant doth pine;
Not less my moral vigor seems
Dependent on those looks of thine.

Oh, coveted, unmatch'd employ,
To cherish these through life—all mine
Oh, blessed source of peerless joy,
Each truthful loving look of thine.

THE RUBY RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THRONE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," "A GOLDEN DAWN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ALL the confusion caused by the accident was over. It had happened at noon, and now the sun was setting. The doctors had departed; there was no need of them to linger. The Rector had offered up a prayer—had told the dying man of the love and peace awaiting him in another and a happier world, and had taken his leave with fast falling tears; and one by one the servants of Sir Antony Carew had been to say good-bye to the kindest master who had ruled at Firholme Castle.

"He cannot live another hour," the principal doctor had said as he left; but three hours had passed, and still the Angel of Death stood by, with sword upraised to strike, yet struck not. Sir Antony had asked that he might spend this last hour alone with his wife and child—alone for the last time on earth with the woman he loved with a supreme love. He had much to say to her that no one else must hear.

"Are you sure that you can bear it, Lady Carew?" the Rector asked, when her husband's wish was made known to her. "You have never been in the presence of death."

"I would bear much more than that for his sake," she replied; and the Rector went out, leaving them alone.

The spacious and lofty chamber in which Sir Antony lay dying faced the west, and the rays of the setting sun streamed through the windows. It was a bed-room fit for a prince.

Over the mantlepiece were some of Grinling Gibbon's finest carvings; the ceiling was painted, the walls were covered with priceless tapestry, woven by the fingers of the long-dead ladies of Firholme, telling the story of the "lion-hearted king" and the golden-haired Berengaria—tapestry that Sir Antony valued more highly than any of his heirlooms. More than once had his fair young wife suggested that it should be removed and the walls hung with modern pictures; but Sir Antony told her it would be "sacrilege;" and the word frightened her. The furniture and decorations of the room were more modern.

Through the open windows was wafted the fragrance of hawthorn and lilac, and above the murmur of the evening breeze, above the song of the birds, was heard the dull murmur of a waterfall. Sir Antony had asked for the windows to be opened and the hangings drawn back, that he might see the sun set for the last time on earth.

The sunlight fell upon the dark head of the "lion-hearted king," upon the upraised face of Berengaria, upon the martial figures of knight and squire; it flecked with gold the superb carvings, it gleamed upon the fair head of Sir Antony's wife, bent upon his breast, and took the ghastliness of death from his face.

Sir Antony Carew had gone forth that morning a strong handsome man in the prime of life; and he had been carried home at noon to die. Against the advice of everyone, he had gone out on his new thoroughbred mare; and, as had been anticipated, she had thrown him. His spine was injured, and he was paying the price of his obstinacy with his life.

"Mildred," he said, as the young wife sobbed on his breast, "I want you to listen to me. You know that I have often spoken to you of the 'curse of the Carews.' Listen, love; I have not long to live, and I have much to say. The 'curse of the Carews' has been upon us, one and all, and that curse has been simply self-will. It killed my father, who ventured out to sea on a stormy night; and, as everyone must have foreseen, it has killed me. I had ample warning; but I persisted, and my self-will has laid me low. But little Carlos, Mildred—this horrible curse must not be laid on him too."

"How can I help it?" she asked; and, when she raised her face, it could be seen that she was quite a girl—a lovely, weeping, fragile girl.

"I will tell you," he replied. "I can see now, as I lie dying, how it has been with us all. You must begin while he is quite young; you must conquer, while he is a child, that terrible self-will that in after-years must otherwise be his ruin."

"But how can I do so?" she inquired, wringing her hands. "Oh, Antony, do not die and leave me this task!"

"My darling, it is easier than it seems," he answered. "Begin at the beginning. Do not give him everything he asks you for. When once you have refused, never afterwards yield; and let him know always that you refuse and grant on principle, not from caprice. You understand, Mildred?"

"Yes," she said, sobbing bitterly. "But how shall I do all this without you to help me?"

He sighed as the golden head of the girl-wife dropped more heavily on his breast. She was so gentle, so tender of heart; the white hands that clung to him in that solemn hour were little able to hold the reins of sovereignty. Alas, that he could not stay to train this noble little son of his!

"Mildred darling, you must remember how often, when great men are on their dead -bed, they die content and happy because they leave all they possess in the charge of some brave loyal wife. I leave in your dear hands the training of my son, and in your charge the fair fame of one of the oldest families in England. I leave you, dear, the kingdom and crown of the Carews. Carlos is a noble little fellow; but he has all the fatal self-will of the race. You must break that will, Mildred, and he will grow up a great man; indulge it, and he will prove a selfish tyrant."

He paused for a few moments, and then went on feebly—

"Do not, to secure your own ease or comfort, ever yield when you should not yield; better, my heart's darling, for your son and mine to die now than to live with his will unbroken and himself untrained. Mildred beloved, keep before you those grand words, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,' and let them rule your life."

"They shall," she replied, clinging to him with kisses and tears.

"I do not think," he continued in a faint voice, "I have been a bad man. I may have been obstinate and self-willed, but not wicked; and I hope to find my home in heaven. I shall wait for you there, darling. Oh, promise me to bring the boy—will he be boy or man, I wonder? Promise me, my wife, that you will teach him and train him properly. Look up at me and promise."

The golden light was fading, and the sound of falling water could be heard more distinctly. She raised her beautiful face, all wet with fast falling tears and quivering with grief.

"I promise," she answered.

He pointed to the setting sun.

"Before Heaven, Mildred?"

"Yes," she said solemnly, "before Heaven!" And a look of unutterable happiness came over the dying man's face.

"Let me see him," he whispered.

In a few moments the nurse brought in a lovely imperious looking child, between two and three years of age, his face full of rich coloring, with laughing eyes and smiling lips, bonnie white shoulders and arms, and fine sturdy limbs. He uttered a cry of delight when his mother raised him in her arms; and the two formed so beautiful a picture that it was no wonder the dying man was loath to leave them.

Sir Antony opened his arms with a low cry that his wife never forgot.

"Come here, little Carlos! Ah, Carlos," he said tenderly, holding the child to his breast, "my little darling, my baby son, I am going away—going to the good Creator who made me! Carlos, will you be good? Will you promise me always to do what mamma says?"

"Always to do what mamma says," lisped the child, with great wondering eyes.

Sir Antony took a diamond ring from his finger and laid it in the soft rosy palm of the boy's hand.

"Mamma will tell you all about it when I am gone. When you are old enough, you must wear that ring as a pledge of your promise to me; and your promise is 'always to do what mamma says.'"

"Do not go away, papa," said the boy, with quivering lips.

"I must, Carlos."

Sir Antony took his wife's trembling hands and placed them with the warm rosy hands of the boy.

"My wife and child," he said in a weak voice, "I leave you in the keeping of the angels. I pray that you may both come to me; you will if——" Then the feeble hold relaxed.

Lady Carew hastily rang the bell, and the boy was carried from the room, crying out that papa must not—should not—go.

The sun set, and the golden light died from the walls. The song of the birds grew fainter; on the breeze was borne the murmur of the waterfall; and in the solemn hush of evening Sir Antony's spirit winged its flight, and his wife lay weeping in hopeless sorrow on the breast of the dead man.

* * * * * *

The Carews of Firholme had been a very numerous and martial race, men of magnificent physique and of strong passions. But of late years there had been fewer Carews, and for four generations an only son had succeeded his father. What Sir Antony had said was true—self-will was the curse of the Carews. They never brooked opposition or contradiction, and could not endure to be thwarted. This characteristic had led many of them to sorrow and death; and, as a rule, it was because they had ignored the advice of friends and gone their own way.

Sir Antony had been one of the most amiable of his race; in him the obstinacy that distinguished the Carews had been tempered by great amiability and by his passionate love for his wife. He was very young when he succeeded to Firholme; and he married the beautiful Mildred Chester, the indulged and beloved child of a wealthy old country squire.

Sir Antony and his lovely child-wife had lived happily enough. During the first year of their married life he took her to London for the season, where her beauty and grace created quite a sensation. But Lady Mildred did not care much for fashionable life. She loved her husband with the utmost devotion, she loved their grand old home where he ruled in lordly fashion; and, when the little heir was born, she begged her husband to remain at Firholme.

Sir Antony was delighted at the birth of his son and heir, and took a pleasure in watching his pretty baby-ways. He foresaw already the germ of some noble qualities in the child.

"We must begin at once with him, Mildred," he would say, "if we want to make a man of him. Let us teach him self-control—no man is worthy of the name if he has none."

He formed many plans for the education of his son. He had read and pondered the annals of his family, and it seemed to him that it was his mission to begin a new order of things. But grim death came on him unawares. He bought a fine thoroughbred, rode it in spite of the warnings he received, and he was brought home to die.

Loved by all, one of the most popular men in the county, and one of the happiest in the world, in a few short hours, by his own rash act, a sudden termination came to all his happiness, and he was laid to rest in the vault where the Carews for many generations had slept. And then the beautiful young widow, still almost a child in years, was left mistress of Firholme and guardian of her son.

CHAPTER II.

SIR ANTONY had made his will, and a handsome income was secured to Lady Carew. He expressed his wish that she should live at Firholme with his son Sir Carlos until he came of age; then she could please herself. The rest of the money was to accumulate until the young heir attained his majority. The advice of the Rector, who had been Sir Antony's best friend, was also to be taken with respect to Sir Carlos's education, and he was to be consulted in any difficulty that arose.

So, after they had laid Sir Antony to rest, Lady Carew's life began once more. She intended to be a careful mother; she ended by idolizing her boy. She meant most faithfully to carry out the wishes of her beloved husband; yet the time came when she could refuse nothing that her son asked her.

He was a beautiful child, with dark curly hair, a lovely face full of rich coloring, sturdy limbs, and a princely bearing, of which Lady Mildred was most proud. He had unlimited sway over the whole household. The head nurse, Mrs. Parker, was a stately dame, thoroughly accustomed to the charge of children, but quite unable to run about—a disadvantage of which Sir Carlos availed himself as soon as he could run alone. Mary Hanson, the under nurse, a pretty intelligent girl of eighteen, was envied by every one in the house because her sole occupation was to attend to the young heir.

Many and anxious were the consultations between the widow and the Rector.

"I am sure," she said piteously one day, that it would be useless to engage any one to teach him yet. I can do it. There is nothing I should like so much as teaching Carlos to read and write—he is so clever."

"It may answer for a short time," replied the Rector; "but, remember, my dear lady, you must be firm with him."

"I will—I will indeed," she said, her girlish face radiant with eagerness.

After that conversation she determined to be firm with her idolized boy, and to give him his first lesson in reading. She went into her boudoir, whither she ordered the child to be brought. He came in laughing, triumphant, clapping his hands, and carrying with him a pretty white kitten.

"Thank you, Mary," said Lady Carew. "Leave Sir Carlos here."

The baby-Baronet lay on the soft thick rug, alternately caressing and teasing the white kitten, while the beautiful girl-mother stood watching them.

A certain sense of matronly importance came to her. She was about to give him his first lesson. She brushed aside the thick locks of golden hair; it would never do to have them falling on the book, for Carlos would clutch them joyfully.

She drew the coquettish widow's-cap nearer her brow—the weight of it reminded her of her responsibility. Then she took a silver pencil case, and, opening an illustrated alphabet book, looked up and said—

"Carlos, come to me. I want you."

The future master of Firholme took not the slightest heed, but continued playing with the kitten, which he compelled to travel along the steel bar of the fender; if it fell on either side, it was punished.

Even Lady Carew herself sat watching the scene with some little anxiety. It was hardly to be expected that the boy could answer until the perilous journey was accomplished. When the kitten had been rapturously taken up by its owner, Lady Carew said gently—

"Carlos, come here to me. I want you."

"Not yet," he replied; "wait mamma, until Snowball goes."

If Lady Carew had been wise, she would have shown her authority at once by compelling him to obey her. She lost a chance then that she never afterwards regained.

"Well! let him wait," she thought, "until Snowball is gone. The loss of a few minutes will not matter."

She sat thinking of all that her husband had said, while the child played on happily enough. The fair and gentle lady did not see that she actually and at that very moment disobeyed her husband by not compelling the child to obey her.

A butterfly flew in at the open window, down went the white kitten, and the boy tried to catch the insect; and again, in the sweetest of voices, Lady Carew said—

"I want you, Carlos—come here."

The butterfly hovered for a few moments over a vase of roses; the boy clapped his hands, and it flew off again, paused for an instant over a tall arum lily, and then flew out through the open window over a bed of fragrant flowers. Out went the boy after it, trampling the flowers under foot in pursuit of his prey, regardless of Lady Carew's remonstrances.

This would never do, she thought—this was the very thing Sir Antony had warned her against. She must resist from the first any attempt at disobedience. Still she stood for a moment or two to watch the lovely upraised face flush rosy red; then, with a more determined look, she rang the bell.

"Mary," she said, when the nurse appeared, "go into the garden and bring Sir Carlos to me. I want him."

In a few minutes the girl returned, looking rather flushed and ruffled, her attire indicating that she had had a severe struggle.

"If you please, my lady, Sir Carlos will not come."

Lady Carew's eyes opened wide with astonishment.

"You must never bring me a message of that kind from Sir Carlos."

"No, my lady," replied the maid, dropping a curtsey, "but what must I do if he will not come?"

"Carry him here," said her mistress.

"I cannot; he is too strong."

"Then," said Lady Carew quietly, "send John; tell him, if Sir Carlos resists, to take him up in his arms and bring him here.

Shortly afterwards, John, the giant footman, carried the dauntless little heir into his mother's presence.

John had suffered in the conflict. His curls, which were the pride of his heart, had been ill-treated, and some of the buttons and tags had been torn from his coat. Mary followed, bearing one of the boy's slippers and his broad black sash. The child himself, flushed and breathless, resisted even as he was brought in.

"Mamma," he cried, "he would not let me walk: and he frightened the butterfly away! He shall not carry me; I will walk! I will never come when he is sent for me!"

"Place Sir Carlos on the ground," said Lady Carew; and the footman was only too pleased to do so.

Flushed, rebellious, but very beautiful, the boy flung himself at his mother's feet.

"He shall not touch me again!" he cried.

The man gave a sigh of relief; the maid bent down to arrange the torn ribbon; Lady Carew became the most sweet and gentle of lecturers, when the door opened suddenly, and the Rector was announced. For a few moments he stood in silent astonishment, surveying the scene. It changed as if by magic. Footman and maid disappeared. Lady Carew raised her child, and, looking at her visitor, said with a smile—

"My little boy has been naughty."

"Your little boy has been very naughty," said the Rector; "and I must talk to him."

Then, lest the Rector should be too hard upon him, lest he should hurt the child's feelings, Lady Carew held Sir Carlos's hand in her gentle clasp. The Rector's words were simple enough for any child to understand, but gravely spoken; and, as he listened to the stern voice so unlike his mother's musical tones, the boy's lips quivered and tears fell from his eyes. He clasped his arms round Lady Carew's neck as she bent down.

"I will be good!" he sobbed. "I will never be naughty again!"

"A fine nature," remarked the Rector; "but he wants great care."

"I am so helpless," faltered Lady Carew.

"Nonsense, my dear lady!" laughed the Rector. "I have never seen a really helpless woman. Women are the most helpful creatures in the world—full of activity and resource. You have but to be firm. Now tell me truly, if I had not come in at the critical moment, what would you have done? Would you have corrected the child, or would you have filled his hands with sweetmeats and bribed him to be good?"

Lady Carew shook her head.

"I am afraid I should have bribed him," she replied.

Before he left her, Doctor Elsdale strongly advised Lady Carew to find a governess for the boy. To this she agreed; and during the next three years there were some stormy scenes at Firholme. Many were the ladies who came and went away disheartened. None of them could manage Sir Carlos.

One, more strong-minded than the rest, did try to punish him; and, while Lady Carew was out visiting, he was shut up in a room without any dinner; but even she gave up hope when she found that one of the footmen had a ladder to the window, climbed it, and filled the boy's hands with fruit and cakes. The governess laid her complaint before Lady Carew, who sent for the culprit; but the man won his mistress' favor for ever by declaring that he could not eat his own dinner while he thought the child was hungry.

Even the ladies who had retired discomfited could not help loving the spirited handsome boy. The servants worshipped him. When he did wrong, they screened him; they could never be persuaded to tell of any of his escapades.

"The boy will stand but a poor chance if he remains here," Doctor Elsdale would say. "The best thing for him is a public school, where, instead of being one by himself, he will be one of many."

But Lady Carew would not hear of this. Her darling should never be treated as she had read of boys being treated at public schools.

"Your husband would have wished it," the Rector told her.

She raised her lovely eyes to his face.

"I don't think so," she replied. "He did not go to a public school himself."

There was no answer, in her opinion, to this line of argument. Lady Carew was one of those gentle, amiable, unselfish women whom perhaps Thackeray has painted more cleverly than any other writer—a woman who must have a master of some kind.

Some women are always in subjection to father, brother, husband, or son. She was one of this class—one who loved the chains that bound her, and would have been unhappy without them. She was tall and graceful, with a face as sweet and tender as it was beautiful, a woman with a soft voice and gentle gestures, everything about her denoting refinement and good-breeding. a woman to be almost worshipped for her very weakness.

She was essentially a woman of one idea. While her husband lived, she had loved him solely and entirely: now that he was dead, her son had his place in her heart. Young, fair, and generally beloved, when Sir Antony had been dead some time, many admirers thronged round her. She received many offers of marriage, one from the great magnate of the county, the Duke of Cuirass, who had never admired any woman so much in his life.

"Marry me," he said to her, "and I will not only be the kindest of husbands, but I will be the best of fathers to your boy; and he will need a master, believe me."

She shrank from him in trembling dread that was something like horror. Another husband, while Antony was waiting for her in another world—a second father for her boy whom Antony had clasped in his dying arms and had left to her care! She thanked the Duke, with a scared and bewildered expression, but told him it was impossible.

She could not, she said to herself, have two husbands; and hers, to her simple mind and loving heart, was waiting for her. How could she teach her son to call any one else "father," when Sir Antony's last words and dying caress had been for him?

She went to the room where her husband had died, and kissed, with passionate love and pain, the pillows where his head had lain. The memory of that beloved husband was dearer to her than the most tender love of any living man.

As she had lived for her husband, so now she lived for her son. Lovers sighed in vain. The only gentlemen who pleased her were those who admired Sir Carlos, and the secret was soon discovered. If any despairing lover went to Firholme and asked for Lady Carew without asking for the boy, he was never invited to Firholme a second time; but, if one came with anything for her son—curious eggs from birds' nests, a riding whip, or a whistle—anything likely to please him—then all that there was of the best in the house was at his service. The way to Lady Carew's heart was through her boy.

It was a great pity, all her friends said, that she did not marry again. The boy would be so much better if he had a man to control him. Sweet yielding, gentle Lady Carew was ill fitted for the care of a high-spirited boy who had will enough to hold his own against almost anybody.

"Perhaps," thought some of her admirers, "when the boy is older and she has less anxiety on his account, she may be persuaded to marry." But they could not feel any resentment against her or annoyance, only something like envy of the boy for whom she gave up everything.

After the troop of governesses came relays of tutors; and there was less trouble. Sir Carlos had often thought it beneath his dignity that he should be under the tuition of women. He resented the fact that at Firholme there were so many women; and, before he was eight years old, he professed himself tired of them.

With the tutors came a new order of things. Perhaps they were more worldly-wise than the ladies. While they taught Latin and Greek, they did not forget to instruct the boy in the sports he loved. His mother turned pale when she saw him ready to leap gates and fences, and the spirited little pony he rode never refused either. She admired his reckless courage however, and did not try to check it. The boy must not be a milksop, she reflected; he must grow up like the brave and martial Carews of old.

So the heir of Firholme grew up one of the handsomest, bravest, and brightest of boys. He was generous beyond measure; he had a wonderfully sensitive heart, and could not endure the sight of pain—nor did he ever wilfully inflict it; the weak or helpless never applied to him in vain. Many a time did he dismount from his pony to carry the burden of an old man or woman toiling along in the noonday heat.

He was idolized by the country-folk. Gray-haired men bowed low to him, and pretty maidens blushed and brightened at his approach. His word was law, his will was master; and, when he reached the age of sixteen and looked back upon his life, he could not remember that at any time he had wished for anything and been refused.

CHAPTER III.

"I SHOULD like to go to Oxford, mother," said Sir Carlos, one lovely spring morning.

On the previous day his tutor, the Reverend Mr. Pierce, who had spent two years at Firholme, had left abruptly. He had fallen in love with beautiful Lady Carew; and in some way the young heir had discovered his tutor's love for his mother; and he resolved that the Reverend Mr. Pierce should leave Firholme at once.

"My mother, sir," said Sir Carlos haughtily to the astonished gentleman, "is a lady an—an angel. My mother thinks as much of my father now as she did when he was living. She is just as much his wife now as she was when he was here at Firholme with her." His passion seemed to gather with his words. "Do you know," he continued, "that, although life and death divide them, my mother talks to my father? I have heard her; and she talks about me."

"You are very selfish," returned the baffled lover; "you would have your mother devote her whole life to you."

"Certainly I would," rejoined Sir Carlos. "My mother has but me. Do you think she is so light of mind and heart as to think and dream of another man in my father's place?"

"I do not see why your mother should not marry again as well as other people," said the tutor gloomily.

"I do," replied his pupil, with flashing eyes. "My mother belongs to my father and to me—we fill her life. And remember this, that, if she did marry again, she could and would choose from the noblest in the land, and not—I have no wish to insult you—not such a man as you."

"I have good blood in my veins, and my family is as old as your own, Sir Carlos!" cried the irate clergyman.

"That may be; but ladies like my mother do not marry the tutors of their sons. You must leave Firholme, Pierce—you cannot remain here another day."

"I shall not take my dismissal from you, Sir Carlos."

"I think you will," said the young heir. "I am sixteen, and no man remains twenty-four hours in the place who dares to make love to my mother."

"I have not made love to your mother."

"Not yet," interrupted Sir Carlos; "but you would if you remained. You have been presumptuous, and you must go. I will teach myself for the future. My mother and you, indeed!"

In a state of a great indignation Sir Carlos went to his mother's boudoir. She was seated there in the midst of flowers and books, calm, serene, beautiful as the morning itself.

As usual, when she saw her idolized son, every other thought went out of her mind; her book fell to the ground, and she rose from her seat and went up to him with murmured words of love and tenderness.

She stopped suddenly, for there was something in his face she had never seen there before.

"What is the matter, Carlos?" she asked, passing her hand caressingly over his hair.

"Mother," he said abruptly, "would you ever marry again?"

Her face paled, and a shudder as of horror passed over her.

"I marry again, my son? Most surely not!"

He laid both his hands on her shoulders and looked into the eyes that had never expressed anything save love for him.

"Is it not true that you talk to my father although he is dead? Dead! I hardly know what the word 'dead' means. But is he not the same to you as though he were living with us?"

"Yes, the same, but dearer," she replied in wonder. What had caused her son to speak to her in this strange way?

"I knew it!" he said proudly. "Mother, that tutor of mine must leave to morrow. There must be no indecision about it; he goes to-morrow."

She accepted what he said without a word. She looked at him in vague wonder as he went on—

"D you know what he has done, mother—what he has dared to do?"

It flashed across her mind that the tutor had probably tried in some way to correct his pupil, and she suggested it.

"Correct me!" cried Sir Carlos with flashing eyes and flushed face. "Correct me! I have corrected him; and to-morrow he must go. I have taken it very quietly—far more quietly than I thought I should. His offence is against you—not against me!"

"Against me!" exclaimed Lady Carew, whom no person had ever yet offended."

"Yes; he has fallen in love with you, mother; and to morrow he must go."

"What a strange—what a very unpleasant thing, Carlos!" said Lady Carew, wondering what her son would say if he knew

how many offers of marriage she had received and refused already.

He threw his arms roupd her and drew her closely to him.

"Never mind, mother," he said tenderly; "do not let it trouble you. I will take care of you. No one shall tease you or vex you while I am alive. If any man dares to make love or talk nonsense to you, I will call him out and shoot him."

Though Lady Carew smiled as her son's arms clasped her and she felt the quick beating of his heart, her eyes grew dim with tears. It was so sweet to hear this boy whom she loved so dearly say he would defend her, and to see him take upon himself the airs of manhood for her protection.

"He goes to-morrow," repeated Sir Carlos. "We will treat him handsomely; he shall have a year's salary; but he does not remain here twenty-four hours."

"Do you not think, Carlos, that we should consult Doctor Eladale?"

"Certainly not, mother; it must be as I wish;" and, by those few words and by that one act, he seemed suddenly to have stepped from boyhood to manhood.

She looked at him with wondering eyes. Was this the baby-son whom Sir Antony had held in his arms when on his death-bed; he who dismissed tutors, who declined to consult the Rector, who took her under his care and protection?

They seemed suddenly to have changed places. She was no longer the protectress and guardian; she was the one cared for.

"You do not object, mother?" he said quickly.

It might have been better had she chided his eargerness, had she asserted her own authority or that of the Rector, had she refused to allow him to have his own way so entirely. But all she felt was intense delight at the idea of her son protecting her.

He looked at her admiringly.

"Why, mother," he said, "I have always felt that you were beautiful; now I see it! I have never thought about these things before; but you look so young; there is not a line on your face; it is as fresh and unwrinkled as a girl's; and to think that that man should ever dream of asking you to be his wife! There are some impertinences too great even for comment—this is one."

Had ever mother such a son, such a defender? Ah, Sir Antony need not have feared leaving her! How good Heaven was to her!

"Write that cheque out for me now, mother," he went on, "and you shall be saved the pain of seeing the Reverend Mr. Pierce again."

All the unfortunate tutor's protestations were in vain.

"I should never like you again," said Sir Carlos. "You can no longer remain in the same house with me and my mother. You might with as much reason have fallen in love with an angel as with my mother."

"I know it; but I think you might be sorry for me," returned the tutor gloomily.

"Yes, I am sorry for you," said the young heir cheerfully; "but that does not make any difference, you know."

It was in the early morning that tutor and pupil parted. In vain did Mr. Pierce solicit the favor of saying "good-bye" to Lady Carew. Her son would not hear of it.

"My mother is tired, and she will not be down yet. You had better start early; the servants will think then that you have been sent for suddenly. I am sure it is better for you that you should not see my mother again."

They walked to the courtyard together, the boy who had so suddenly become a man and the tutor who had been the first to feel it. The morning was bright, and the grand pile of buildings and the magnificent terraces were bathed in the golden light of the rising sun.

The two stood for a few minutes by a sun-dial in the courtyard. Near it, shadowed by the spreading branches of some lime-trees, was an old well, the stones round which were covered with thick green moss and always damp. Some of the Carews had wished to have the courtyard cleared and paved, but not so Sir Antony; he had loved the old dial, the spreading limes, and the mossy well. He had ordered seats to be placed under the lime-boughs; and on one of these Sir Carlos sat on this bright morning when he wished his tutor farewell.

"It may be all for the best," said the tutor to the boy. "Still you have taken matters with a very high hand. Remember this, however, Sir Carlos; you have sent me away, and henceforth I shall lead a lonely life, a life that will never be cheered by one glimpse of her ladyship's beautiful face. You are prosperous and happy now, Sir Carlos," the tutor went on; "but, if the time ever comes when your mother needs a friend, I—I will give my life for her; and, if you are ever in distress or want a friend, I will do all I can for you for your mother's sake. Good-bye."

CHAPTER IV.

IT was after the dismissal of the tutor that Sir Carlos declared his intention of going to Oxford. Doctor Eladale highly approved the plan, but would have been better pleased had the proposal come from Lady Carew herself. He did not like the way in which young Sir Carlos had taken the matter into his own hands.

However, it was a relief to him to know that the boy, who would so soon be a young man, would be under proper authority for the next two or three years. So Sir Carlos went to Oxford, and, for the first time in her life, Lady Carew was parted from her son.

Many times during the next three years she went from Firholme to Oxford. There was one thing she could not help admitting to herself when she reflected, and it was that she had never really thwarted him. They had not once come into collision; and she was compelled to own that the reason was she had never opposed him. She had always foreseen where they would disagree, and had avoided the cause. The most tender love existed between mother and son, and as yet it had not been shadowed by disagreement.

The three years that Sir Carlos spent at Oxford were passed by Lady Carew in preparing for his majority. Never had Firholme been more prosperous than under her gentle rule. A large sum of money was saved during the young heir's minority, and the promise of no young man's life could have been fairer.

When he left Oxford, he traveled for a year and a half, his mother going with him. And then he came of age.

The countryfolk round Firholme still talk of the glories of that day. It was, of all days in the year, the one best suited for a birthday, the twenty-first of June. The roses were in bloom; the golden laburnum and the purple lilac had given place to the warmer hues of summer flowers.

Sir Carlos stood, soon after sunrise, looking round the beautiful home that was his inheritance. On the night before his mother had taken him into the room where his father died. She told him of the curse of the Carews, of the obstinate self-will that had brought so many of them to a sudden and violent death; He had listened, and seemed deeply impressed.

In the silence of that room, where her own solemn promise had been given to her dying husband, she spoke to her son with the utmost tenderness and eloquence; and he was more touched than he had ever been in his life before.

On the morrow, she told him, he would take his life into his own hands, with all its grave responsibilities and important duties. She did not ask him now for a promise of obedience to her.

That which she had not exact from him as a child she could not ask now that he was a young man. But she implored him to take counsel and advice when he was in any difficulty, and not to be headstrong. He was deeply touched.

Mother and son knelt together in the great tapestried chamber; and he promised that he would do his best to check the self-will that had brought so many of his race to an untimely end.

"I will be a blessing to you, mother," he said, "not a trouble; and I will do what I can to remove the 'curse of the Carews.'"

No mother in England was happier that night than gentle Lady Carew.

Sir Carlos rose with the sun, and went out to look at the magnificent home that on this day became his by inheritance. He stood on a grassy knoll in the park which overlooked all the lower ground. His eyes glistened as they roamed over the noble park with its superb trees, the winding stream where the cattle stood knee-deep, the picturesque pile of buildings standing in the midst of luxuriant foliage, and the sheet of water called the Holme Mere.

All his—to do with as he would, to keep with honor to lose with shame! A wild sense of freedom seemed suddenly to possess him. All his! He had no master; no one had any authority over him! He could do in every way as he pleased! Not for one moment that he meant to do any wrong, or to defy any authority; but to him the sense of perfect liberty was sweet!

Good resolutions filled his mind. He would never do anything of importance without asking either either his mother's advice or the Rector's counsel. So he would do away with the "curse of the Carews." He could see the windows of the room where his father died.

He could see the spot, marked by a white marble cross, where his father had been thrown by the horse which he had ridden because every one had advised him not to do so; and he said to himself that the same fate should never overtake him. He would listen to reason, follow the advice of those who counselled him, and take himself to task when he felt his own will mastering him.

Reverently enough the handsome young heir bared his head as he said aloud—

"Heaven keep me from the 'curse of the Carews!'"

It was a day to be remembered. Rich and poor thronged to Firholme; the great mansion was crowded with guests; the park, the grounds, and the gardens were thronged with people; all the servants and the tenants and laborers on the estate were feted to their hearts' content. If good wishes and ringing cheers could have secured Sir Carlos's happiness, it would never have failed him. It was perhaps the happiest day of his life. The festivities were prolonged until a late hour. A grand ball was given in the evening by Lady Carew to the aristocracy of the county; and there Sir Carlos saw beautiful women and fair girls.

From the ranks of these he must at some time or other choose a wife, Lady Carew told him with a smile; but he, whose heart was untouched by love, kissed her lovely face, and told her he should never marry until he found some one just like herself. In the time to come she reminded him of those words.

So Sir Carlos Carew was now fairly launched in life; and in all England there was perhaps no finer, handsomer, more chivalrous young man than he. He won golden opinions from his tenants. He liked his own way, they said; but he would be a good landlord.

Looking at his handsome face, Lady Carew often wordered whether he would soon fall in love. Already he was looked upon as one of the most eligible young men in the county, The Duchess of Welde invited him to Welde Castle. She had four daughters, all more or less charming, and wished for nothing better than that Sir Carlos should marry one of them. Lady Bathurst of Glynn had but one daughter, fair as Diana, and she tried her best to throw the young people together; and the pretty young widow Lady Anne Hertford, who had recently come to live in the neighborhood, would not have been averse to improve still further her pleasant acquaintance with Sir Carlos Carew. No woman could look unmoved upon that handsome face; but as yet Sir Carlos s heart was free from the haunting dream called love. He thought more of hunting and shooting, the breed of his dogs, and the pedigree of his horses than of love.

True, once or twice, when he had been dancing with Lady Anne, a glance from her dark eyes had set his heart beating fast, and he had remembered the thrilling touch of her slim fingers; once too, when he had been dancing with Alice Bathurst of Glynn, she had sighed when the waltz was over, and looked sorry when he left her.

Pretty Alice always blushed when he spoke to her, until her face was like a damask rose; and those blushes made Sir Carlos's heart thrill with delight and pride; but that was all. The Ladies Evesham, daughters of the Duchess of Welde, had challenged him in different ways; but love and Sir Carlos remained strangers.

"Your son is doing well," the Rector said to Lady Carew one day; "but the time to be dreaded for him is when he will fall in love. First love is always one of the maddest and wildest of passions, and his will probably be one of the very wildest. You must be careful as to whom he visits, what friends he makes, and all that kind of thing. I wish he liked one of the Ladies Evesham or pretty Alice Bathurst."

"It would be very nice," answered Lady Carew; but in her heart she hardly thought even these fair ladies good enough for her handsome son.

"I should do all in my power, Lady Carew, to throw them together," counselled the Rector; and Lady Carew agreed to follow his advice.

But Sir Carlos was cautious, and remained heart-whole.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Well, uncle, do you see any particular difference in neighbor Pearce since he joined the church?"—"Oh yes," was the reply, "a great difference. Before, when he went out into his garden on Sunday, he carried garden tools on his shoulder, now he carries them under his overcoat."

Bric-a-Brac.

THE SOUL.—The Siamese believe that the human soul requires seven days to journey from earth to heaven; hence the prayers of the friends of the deceased person are continued for seven days after the individual dies.

BORN WITH TEETH.—There is a superstition in France that children born with teeth will be brilliantly clever. It probably arises from the fact that Henri IV., and Louis XIV., kings who left the greatest mark upon French history, and Mirabeau, the great orator, were all born with one tooth.

HORNED TOADS.—Boys living in and about San Diego, Cal., are making money catching horned toads for the Hawaiian Government, which is importing them to destroy a Japanese bug which is ruining many crops in the island. The Government wants 5000 toads, and is paying the boys $1 a dozen for them.

NATURAL BAROMETERS.—When the spider's web on the grass can be seen thickly covered with morning dew, and the dandelions open fully their golden petals before eight o'clock in the morning, it is a very sure sign that the day will be fair; but if the dandelions remain closed until nine o'clock, rain may be expected.

BEST TEA.—The best tea in Japan is raised in districts where snow often falls to the eaves of the houses. Many plants will survive under such snow that are not hardy even in the Southern States. By the same rule some varieties of Japanese lilies will survive Vermont winters that are not hardy in Missouri.

THE LAZIEST.—A most curious and sluggish creature is the tauawa, a nine inch lizard, whose home is in New Zealand. This little imitation saurian has the reputation of being the laziest creature ever created. He is usually found clinging to rocks or logs along the shores of rivers and lakes, and has been known to remain in one position, perfectly motionless, for many months.

FOR TREATY PURPOSES ONLY.—In making treaties with China, each foreign country has chosen its own name. England is *Ying Kwo, the flourishing country*; the United States, Mei Kwo, the beautiful country; Germany, Je Kwo, the virtuous country; France, Fa Kwo, the law-abiding country; Italy, I Kwo, the country of justice; Japan is Ji Kwo, the land of the sun, but prefers to be called Ji Pen, the land of the rising sun.

ADVERTISING.—Advertising is not an outcome of modern necessity, but is a very ancient practice. The British Museum possesses a collection of old Greek advertisements printed on leaden plates. The Egyptians were great advertisers. Papyrus leaves over three thousand years old have been found at Thebes describing slaves and criminals who had run away, and offering a reward for their capture; and at Pompeii ancient advertisements have been deciphered on the walls.

PERPETUAL SUNSHINE.—This occurs on the coast of Peru, where, although it may perhaps be misty occasionally, the blue sky is always visible through this whitish veil. Perpetual sunshine, when the sun is above the horizon, also exists in the Sahara, the great desert of Africa, and in the other rainless regions of the earth—namely, the high lands of Iran, various tracts of Turkestan and China, the plateau of Gobi, and also in Australia, between the southern colonies and the Gulf of Carpentaria. Should clouds appear in any of these districts the heat of the sun is so intense that they are dispersed almost before they have formed.

HE STUCK HALF-WAY.—Most of the houses in Greenland are entered through a passage constructed below the level of the ground. It is so long and narrow that one has to crawl one's way along it, and an unusually stout man finds it hard to get in at all. Dr. Nansen mentions the case of a fat storekeeper, of Godthaab, who stuck fast in such a passage, unable, despite all his struggling and bellowing, to advance or retreat. At last four boys came to his help, two from the house dragging him inwards, and two from the outside pushing behind. For a long time no progress was made, and it was being proposed to pull down the walls in order to set him free, when, with a last despairing effort, he squeezed through. A window of the house was removed to let him out.

"I FEEL now quite satisfied that there is no life so happy as a married one." "And how long have you been married?" "Since last Wednesday."

ADIEU.

BY H. W. S.

Turquoise and brilliant, lucky both, so take
And let it—only for the old love's sake—
Circle your finger, sleeping and awake.

See how it fits! Yes, wear it so, and may
It bring stray thoughts, half tender and half gay,
Half sweet, half sad, of one so far away!

How did I guess the size so well? I thought,
When long ago your finger's girth I sought,
Another sort of ring I might have bought.

I thought—I hoped—no matter, Fate decreed!
Dead hopes and flow'rs are sorry things indeed;
So bid me now, old love, your last "God-speed!"

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHEN Bernard reached home he found his father very much as he had left him. Sir Terence sprang up at sight of Bernard's haggard face.

"Great heaven, Bernie!" he exclaimed. 'What has happened?"

Bernard sank into a chair, and hid his face in his hands. Sir Terence went to the sideboard, and got a glass of wine.

"Drink this," he said, "and tell me, if you can. For God's sake let there be no secrets between us! At least tell me what your trouble is, for I may be able to help you."

Bernard seemed unable to speak, and the hand that held the glass shook.

"Is it anything to do with this young lady you call 'Nance'?"

"I will tell you what I can," said Bernard. "I have lost her!"

"Dead, do you mean?" exclaimed Sir Terence.

"No," said Bernard. "She has gone away; she has disappeared."

There was a moment's silence.

"You mean that she has left you?" said Sir Terence.

"I do not know," said Bernard. "All I *can say is that it must have seemed to her* that I had left her, deserved her. She has not known where I have been all the time I have been lying here; she must have thought—God knows what she must have thought!"

"Perhaps," said Sir Terence, in a low voice. "Perhaps she did not care."

"Don't say that," Bernard broke in, almost fiercely. "She loved me! I could pledge my life on it. We loved each other. A man cannot be deceived on such a point. Nance—the tenderest, truest-hearted—but there! you do not know her."

"No," said Sir Terence. "That is not my fault, Bernie."

There was a touch of sad reproach in his voice.

"It is no one's fault," said Bernard, bitterly. "It has been Fate's. But you wrong her by the mere suggestion of disloyalty. She is truth itself."

"Is she a lady?" asked Sir Terence, in a low voice.

"If you mean well born, well connected, no," replied Bernard. "But in the best sense of the word she is as true a lady as anyone you or I know."

Sir Terence went to the window. He was a man of the world. Men of the world do not believe that a woman can be a lady unless she is both well born and well connected. He thought, in his worldly wisdom, that he understood the whole case. Yes, he knew all about it! Bernard had been caught by a pretty face, a soft voice, a graceful figure. It had always been so with the Yorkers; they were a susceptible family. Why, he, Sir Terence himself, could never see a pretty charming woman without feeling drawn towards her. He started, as Bernard said, bitterly—

"I know what you are thinking, sir, as well as if you were thinking, speaking aloud. You think that is not worthy of me. Great heavens! I tell you that is the purest hearted, the truest, sweetest woman God ever made. If you knew her you would as surely lose your heart as I have done, and you would respect her—as I do."

"Be it so," said Sir Terence. "Granted, Bernie! But what is to be done? You say she has left you——"

"She has gone from the place where I left her. She has not known where I have been. What she must have thought I cannot tell. What could any woman think, even the most trustful?"

"Have you no idea where she has gone!" asked Sir Terence.

"No," said Bernard, hoarsely. "I have already traced her to a certain point, and there the clue had ceased abruptly. It is as if a stone wall had grown up between us, and divided us for ever. But——" He rose and paced the room with unsteady steps. "I will, I must tell her. I cannot know any rest until I discover where she is."

"Have you any reason to fear that she is in any trouble, distress?"

"No; I am told that she is well cared for and prosperous."

Sir Terence laid his hand upon Bernard's shoulder.

"My boy," he said, "what this plight of yours means to me and to you, you do not know, you cannot guess. It is most serious. I cannot even think of the consequences. I suppose it is my duty to try and persuade you to let this young lady go—to forget her——"

Bernard laughed wildly.

'But I have so seldom done my duty where you are concerned. My love for you, my boy makes me weak. Against my own judgment I will help you try and find her. But on one condition only. That you remain quiet. You are still ill and weak; I know well enough that if you do not rest you will be seriously ill again. Now, I will take your place. Tell me her name, where she lived, all you can about her, and I will find her. You need not fear to trust me. I know more of the world than you do, and I can find her as easily as you can."

Bernard stretched out his hand for his hat. "I must find her," he said; but even as he spoke, he staggered and fell into a chair.

"You see," said Sir Terence. "Do as I tell you, Bernie. Have some consideration for me. Good heaven! do I not love you also?"

"Her name is Nance Grey," said Bernard. "Go to No 2, Eden row, Chelsea." He dared not send his father to Long Ditton lest Sir Terence might know that Bernard and Nance had lived there as man and wife. "Mind, there must be no publicity! I would rather lose her for ever than that the police or detectives should even know her name."

"I understand," said Sir Terence. He got his hat. "You see, I am going at once. I know you will not rest until I have commenced the search. There is only one thing I ask in return for all I am doing for you, and you will know presently, my poor boy, what that all means. I ask that you should try and rest, and keep calm.' Sir Terence left the house. He looked very haggard and worn. Little wonder! In his pocket was a letter from Mr. Graham giving him notice of the sale of the Hall. He and Bernard were ruined. And but for this "Nance Grey," Sir Terence felt that the Hall might have been saved, and all might have been well. It was only natural that he should think of Felicia Damerel. How cruelly he, Sir Terence, had misled her! Surely it was incumbent on him to go to her at once, on his way to Chelsea. He was bound to do so, as a man of honor. He felt too weak to walk; he called a cab and drove to Felicia Damerel's.

He was pacing up and down the room into which he had been shown, when she entered, and at sight of his face and bent form Felicia started, even as he had started at sight of Bernard's.

"Sir Terence," she exclaimed with swift terror. "Bernard!—I mean Mr. Yorke!—he is not worse?" She trembled.

Sir Terence took both my hands, "Not worse, thank God, Miss Damerel."

She noticed the "Miss Damerel," and drew her hands from him. He bit his lip. He saw that she already divined some part of the purport of the visit.

"Miss Damerel," he said, "I have a hard task before me, perhaps the hardest I have ever had to perform."

She motioned him to a chair, and took one herself so that her back was to the light.

"A few hours ago," he said, "I spoke to you of a wish that lay very near to my heart. I spoke to you as a father would to a woman whom he wished to see his daughter. I have now come to tell you that that wish, so very dear to me, can never be fulfilled."

His voice broke.

Felicia turned pale, and her heart beat fast. She knew what was coming. She had expected it, and was prepared for it.

"You need not tell me. I can guess;" he said, and she sighed deeply. "Most women would pretend that they did not know, and they did not care; but I will be as frank and as honest with you as you, dear Sir Terence, have been with me. I can guess that Ber—Mr. Yorke cares for someone else. Ah, well, I must bear it. We women, Sir Terence, are so helpless! Suffering is the badge of all our tribe. I must suffer and be silent. Believe me, that though things cannot be as you wish—as I wish—I can still wish your son every happiness. I do wish him every happiness. He is very happy, I suppose?"

"No," said Sir Terence; "he is very miserable!"

"Miserable?" replied Felicia.

Sir Terence rose and walked up and down the room. Then he stopped before her, with his hand outstretched.

"Miss Damerel, my son is in trouble, and I am in trouble about him. Your great kindness to him and to me tempts me to confide in you, though, of course, I have no right to bother you with my private affairs."

Felicia again knew what was coming. He was going to tell her about Miss Grey.

"Tell me anything you like, Sir Terence," she said. "I cannot be your daughter; but I can be your friend, if you will let me. Perhaps I can help you. Sometimes the mouse can help the lion, and we women are supposed to have sharper wits than men."

Sir Terence hesitated a moment. Why should he not tell her the little he himself knew? Perhaps, as she said, she could help him? Then, again, the old man craved the sympathy this beautiful woman offered so readily. He sank into a chair beside her.

"Miss Damerel," he said, "Bernard has formed an attachment for a young lady of whom I know nothing, except that her name is Grey, and that she is of a rank and station below his own. He tells me, and I can see, that he is passionately in love with her. Of course, all this is a great disappointment to me. You know what I wished, but still I would have received her as a daughter, though such a marriage means just ruin."

"Ruin?" said Felicia.

"Yes," and he sighed. "I may find courage to tell you later on. But, as I have said, Bernard's happiness before anything, and I would rather lose her for ever than strange to say, she has disappeared."

"Disappeared?" said Felicia, with well-feigned astonishment.

"Yes," he said.

He then told her what Bernard had told him She listened, her hands clasped in her lap, a look of deep interest in her face as if it were all new to her.

"How strange—how very strange!" she said. "One would think——"

She hesitated.

"That she had ceased to care for him," said Sir Terence. "Yes, that is what I thought, but Bernard assures me that it is impossible, that she is as true as steel."

Felicia smiled.

Well, you have to find her," she said; "and I will help you, for I, too, am anxious that Bernard—Mr. Yorke—should be happy. Yes, I will help you, but on condition—that you never tell Mr. Yorke that you have told me his story."

"I promise," said Sir Terence.

"And now tell me about this other trouble," she said.

Sir Terence got up and walked about the room again, then he sank into the chair and covered his face with his shapely and still youthful looking hands.

"I can do it in three words," he said. "We are ruined."

"Ruined!" she echoed, with genuine surprise this time.

Sir Terence drew Mr. Graham's letter from his pocket, and read it out to her.

"Read that," he said. "The man I owed this money to is dead. His lawyers, executors, write to inform me that unless I pay the sums I borrowed they will sell the estate."

"Borrow the money elsewhere," she said with promptitude.

"Impossible," he said. "The estate is not worth nearly as much as I borrowed. Besides, you see the time has gone by. I could not speak to Bernard. I couldn't do anything; the place must be sold."

Felicia's face flushed.

"Then I will buy it," she said.

The tears sprang to Sir Terence's eyes. He took her hand, and was unable to speak for a moment or two; then he said in a voice broken by emotion—

"What can I say, except that your goodness makes my son's unhappy blindness and infatuation still harder for me to bear. How blind he must be, how infatuated!"

Felicia sighed.

"Men generally are, Sir Terence," she said sweetly and sadly. "Do not let us speak of him. I will see my lawyer about the estate, in that matter, at any rate, I can help you—at least, I suppose so—I will see."

They sat and talked a few minutes longer, then Sir Terence went off to Edenrow to play amateur detective. Anyone less calculated to perform such a role successfully could scarcely be imagined. He learnt little more than Bernard had done. He found the landlord, who told him that the rent had been paid—in gold and not by cheque—by an old gentleman with white hair, whose name he did not know. There were several old gentlemen with white hair in London.

So carefully had Mr. Graham, so to speak, effaced Nance's footsteps that absolutely no trace remained. Sir Terence felt as if he were lost in the midst of an African forest. He returned home to find Bernard feverish, and yet prostrate.

"Well," he said, "have you discovered anything—have you found her?"

Sir Terence dared not say how hopeless he himself considered the quest, and spoke as cheerfully as he could.

An hour later there came a note from Felicia Damerel, asking Sir Terence to come and see her. He went round immediately.

"Have you discovered anything already?" he asked. She shook her head.

"No," she said. "I want to ask you a few questions. I have been round to my lawyer, and he says he will buy the estate if it can possibly be bought, but that you have signed documents which may render it difficult. Have you?"

"Heaven knows!" groaned Sir Terence. It was very certain he did not.

"And now about Miss—Miss Grey," said Felicia. "I think a sight of her handwriting would help me." She did not say how, and Sir Terence, who was as unsuspecting as a child, especially with a woman, did not ask.

"Her handwriting?" he said. "Would it? I will ask Bernard to give me something she has written to him, some envelope or unimportant writing."

"You will not let him know, suspect even, you have told me anything?"

"No, no," he said. "Rely on me."

After he had gone she threw herself down on the sofa, with her hands tightly strained over her brow. She was going to play a dangerous game—a very dangerous game; and yet the prize was one which she considered well worth the risk. Bernard Yorke was separated from Nance Grey. If she could still keep them apart, what *more* probable than he should turn to her, Felicia, whom he already loved after a fashion, and who could save him from ruin? She remained at home that evening, waiting for a specimen of Nance's handwriting. Late at night Robson brought a note from Sir Terence. She tore it open eagerly. There was no enclosure. Her heart sank, and she felt thwarted; but, as she read the short note, her spirits rose again.

"I cannot give you what you ask," it ran. "Strange as it may seem, Miss Grey has never written to Bernard. He has not a line of hers in his possession. He is very weak and upset, and I fear unless we can give him some definite information as to her whereabouts he will have a relapse. The thought of it fills me with dread. My poor Bernard!—Yours gratefully, TERENCE YORKE."

As Felicia Damerel crushed the note in her hand her face flushed, and with a little laugh of satisfaction she exclaimed—

"I will do it! I will risk it!'

CHAPTER XXIX.

DAY followed day, and neither Bernard nor Sir Terence could learn anything of Nance. Bernard recovered his strength, and set about searching for her with a grim persistence. He could not go to the police; he could not employ a private detective, because he dared not tell him the whole story. He advertised in the daily papers—guardedly, of course—but no response came. He haunted Edenrow in the vague hope that Nance might be drawn to visit the scene of the birth of their short happiness, but he never met her there.

He was a changed man in appearance and manner; his old light heartedness had fled. Nance had taken with her all the joy and brightness of his life. He and his father lived in Bernard's room—two grave and almost silent men.

If he had not been so absorbed in his own sorrow he must have noticed Sir Terence's altered appearance and demeanor; but love is selfish, and he thought only of Nance—always of Nance. One day, indeed, he did say to Sir Terence—

"Father, why do you not go back to the Hall? I am quite well now; you can do nothing more for me. Why not go home and get some shooting?"

Sir Terence colored and averted his face.

How could he tell Bernard that the dear old place was up for sale! No, he would wait until Felicia had bought it, and some arrangement had been made. It would be time enough to tell Bernard when the danger was past.

Some days after Bernard went to Long Ditton, for he still kept the rooms, hoping vaguely that Nance might write to Mrs. Johnson, or, perhaps, go and see her. On the day of the sale he was down at Long Ditton, wandering by the river side, sitting in the garden, or pacing up and down the little sitting-room made sacred to him by the memory of his lost happiness.

He slept that night and the next at the cottage—if to lie awake hour after hour, or to fall into a dreaming doze in which Nance appeared to him in all her spring-like beauty, can be called sleeping. The whole place was full of her presence; her dresses still hung in the wardrobe; a hundred trifles, a brush and comb on the table, her favorite books, a scrap of lace, the faint perfume of the wood violet, of which she was fond, reminded him of her at every turn.

It was almost worse for him than if she were actually dead, for when our loved ones die we know that they are gone from us for ever, and there is nothing left for us but resignation. But Nance was not dead; she was somewhere, perhaps near to him; the thought brought the blood to his face. If he could only find her, get her within his arms, speak six words to her, all would be well.

He went back to London, arriving rather late. Sir Terence was sitting by the fire, for the autumn night was chilly.

"Well, Bernard," he said, in a shaky voice, and with his hand half-concealing his face, "have——"

"Have you any news for me?" asked Bernard.

Sir Terence started, then recovered himself. "About—about her?" he asked.

"Yes," said Bernard, as if nothing else could be of any importance.

"No," said Sir Terence, "I—I have been down to the Hall." His voice shook.

Bernard did not notice it.

"Why did you come back?" he said, as he went to the mantlesheif and took up his letters. "You are getting moped to death here. I am a selfish brute! For heaven's sake, sir, go home and leave me to myself!"

Sir Terence rose, putting both hands on Bernard's shoulders, and looked him steadily, sadly in the face.

"I cannot go home, Bernie," he said.

Bernard looked at his father with dull surprise.

"Cannot go home? Why not?"

"Because I have no home to go to but this. Bernard, the Hall is sold."

Bernard passed his hand over his brow, and stared at his father. Had he taken leave of his senses?

"The—Hall—sold?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Sir Terence, with the calmness of despair; "the Hall, the land, everything has gone from us."

Bernard sank into a chair, and continued to stare in amazement.

"Have you no word of reproach for me?" said Sir Terence. "Speak it, Bernard; I deserve anything, the worst you can say. I, and my father before me—sy! and his father before him—have robbed you of your birthright."

The tears sprang to his eyes.

"The Hall sold!" said Bernard almost to himself; it sounded absurd, ridiculous, impossible.

Now he noticed how haggard and worn his father looked; remembered trifling little words and expressions of Sir Terence's which had seemed to have no significance when they were uttered, but which now were full of meaning.

He got up, and leant over Sir Terence's chair.

"For pity's sake don't cry, sir!" he said. "Reproach—I reproach you! Why, if it is as I think it must be, it is I who have helped to bring this about. I have lived a life of ease and selfishness; I have spent money like water. You have never refused to give me all I have asked for."

"Ah!" said Sir Terence, with bitter self-reproach, "it has been my fault. If I had had the courage to tell you the truth—the whole truth—things might have been better. But I was weak; I have always hoped that things would take a turn for the better; and, indeed, I did not know that matters were so bad. We Yorkes were never men of business, and I had to deal with a man who was as acute as he was hard. Bernard, I'll tell you all about it—now it is too late!"

Bernard got the cigars, carefully selected a good one, and put it in his father's hand; mixed a soda and whisky, and placed it beside the old man.

Sir Terence looked up, his eyes full of tears.

"Why, Bernie," he said, "you ought to curse me, and you treat me like this."

Bernard actually laughed. It was a sad laugh, but it was a laugh.

"I couldn't curse you, sir, if I tried. What you call weakness I know was just love for me. You say we are ruined, and that everything has gone. All right; at any rate, we are left to each other, and are here together." He let his hand fall on the old man's shoulder. "Besides, compared with this great trouble of mine, even the loss of a fortune—even the dear old home, doesn't seem to count. Forgive me. You needn't tell me to-night, unless you like; you look tired."

"Yes," said Sir Terence, "I am tired; I thought I was heartbroken, but somehow I'm not. Anyhow, I'm alive, and have got you; while Stephen Harwood is dead. You never heard his name. He is the man of whom I borrowed money—into whose hands I fell. He is dead."

"Then who has got the Hall?" asked Bernard with surprise.

"His daughter—a young girl who has inherited all his immense wealth."

"The daughter of a money-lender at Rainford Hall?" said Bernard in a low voice.

But Sir Terence heard him.

"No, Bernard," he said, "in justice, I must say, Bernard, he was not that. He bore me a grudge. I married the woman he loved—your mother—and he plotted to get the Hall. It was his revenge. As for the girl, I know how you picture her. A vulgar parvenue, purse-proud, and self-assertive. In common justice, I must tell you she is nothing of the kind,"

"You have seen her, then?" said Bernard with surprise.

"Yes," said Sir Terence sadly. "I went down to the Hall."

"How could you do it, father?" exclaimed Bernard. "I could not have done so; I could not bear to look on it again."

"It was hard," said Sir Terence. "But I thought of our people. They have always been like my own children—rather than tenants. I have always shared their sorrows and their joys. Some of them were behindhand with their rent—always would be behindhand. I, like you, thought that Miss Harwood would be vulgar, and purse-proud, and that she might be hard upon them. So—so I put my pride in my pocket, and forced myself to go down to the old place which we have lost for ever. I found a beautiful, ladylike girl——"

"Ladylike!" said Bernard.

"Yes, ladylike. I never saw a more refined-looking girl, or, in her way, a more beautiful one. There was something touching about the child, for she was little more."

Sir Terence leant back and gazed at the fire dreamily, and Bernard looked at him in astonishment. He had expected his father to be full of resentment against this interloper, this girl who had turned them out of their ancestral home.

She seemed almost as sad as I was. She listened to me with more than patience, with respect and gentleness. She promised to be good to the poor people, and I know that she will keep her word, for there was truth in her voice. She has a very sweet voice—such a sad little voice for so young a girl! I ought to have hated her, and yet, do you know, Bernard, I came away liking and pitying her."

"Pitying her?" said Bernard.

"Yes, pitying her. She looked such a small thing—though, by the way, she is not short, but slim and girlish. She seemed so—so all alone in that great place."

"Is she all alone?" asked Bernard.

"Well, no," replied Sir Terence. "A lady friend, the sister of her father's executor, is living with her, I believe; but she has no father or mother, no relation that I know of, and so one may say she is quite alone. Poor girl!"

"Poor girl!" echoed Bernard, with surprise, and a slight bitterness. "Mistress of Rainford Hall, and with no end of money, you say!"

"Yes," said Sir Terence. "Her father has left her an immense sum. While I have been spending he has been making and saving, and it all comes to her."

Bernard sighed.

"It all seems like a dream," he said. "And we are quite ruined, sir. Is there nothing left?"

Sir Terence half groaned.

"Only a very little, Bernie," he said. "Just enough to keep us decently. There would not have been so much, but Miss Harwood had to pay a large sum for the estate, more than I owed."

"Why, how was that?" asked Bernard.

Sir Terence was silent for a moment.

"Well, you see, Bernie," he said. "A—a friend tried to buy it back for us, and bid very high, but Stephen Harwood had left instructions that the estate should be obtained for his daughter at any cost. You see, he wanted his revenge—he wanted to turn us out. And he has succeeded. The place is hers. Rainford Hall will know the Yorkes no more."

Bernard sighed, and puffed at his cigar.

"But who was the friend?" he asked. "It must have been a very dear friend."

"Cannot you guess?" said Sir Terence.

Bernard stared at the fire moodily.

"No," he said at last.

"The friend was Miss Damerel," said Sir Terence in a low voice.

Bernard rose.

"Felicia Damerel?" he said.

"Yes," said Sir Terence, still in a low voice. "She knew of our trouble, and she tired to help us—save us. It was not until she learnt that Miss Harwood's lawyer was resolved to get the place at any price that she gave up bidding. I think she would have sacrificed her whole fortune if it had been possible. But it was not."

"Felicia Damerel!" repeated Bernard, almost inaudibly. "Father, what can I say to her—how can I thank her?"

"She nursed you all through your illness; she would have saved the Hall for you! Bernard, she would have laid down her life for you. She loves you. Oh, my boy—my boy! If—if——"

Bernard paced the room, deeply agitated.

"It's of no use, father," he said; "it cannot be! There is only one woman in the world for me, and I have lost her. Oh, Nance! Nance! Father, while there is a hope of recovering her, I could not think of any other woman. I could not. You do not know how I love her! She is part and parcel of my very self. If it were not for Nance, I should have loved Felicia Damerel long ago. At one time I nearly asked her to be my wife. But now, while there is hope, the faintest hope, of finding Nance, of getting her back, I cannot—I cannot! But my heart is full of gratitude to Felicia. Next to my Nance, she is closest to my heart!"

"So beautiful!" murmured Sir Terence. "A woman any man might be proud of. And she loves you. Here is happiness within reach of your grasp. You have literally but to stretch out your hand, Bernie, and—— Well, well; I can understand! I have been young myself. We Yorkes have always been the same; it is never half measures with us. But, oh, the pity of it!"

He got up and left the room.

Bernard sank into a chair, and, with a sigh, began to open his letters.

A great many of them were invitations, inquiries. He pitched them on the fire. Presently he came to one the handwriting of which he did not know. He opened it with dull curiosity. It contained a single sheet of paper, with these words written on it:—

"Do not trouble to look for me any longer. I shall never—I can never—come back! I am quite happy—at least, I should be if I could forget the past. And I am learning to do so every day. I wish we had never met. But we have parted now, and I hope we shall never meet again; for it was all a very great mistake. I see that quite plainly now. I am with good friends, and want for nothing. Please do not try to find me. I shall have left England by the time you get this. If ever we should meet again I shall ask you to treat me as a stranger.

"NANCE GREY."

He stared at the paper, motionless, and in silence. As a matter of fact, he could not at first realize its existence. His mind refused to grasp it. He examined the handwriting, the pointed and not particularly well formed letters, with a dull, mechanical scrutiny.

Then, gradually the sense of the words grew upon his brain, forced themselves upon his consciousness. With a low cry he rose to his full height, holding the letter at arm's length.

The words rang in his ears, burnt somewhere in the back of his brain. He had no need to read them again. He knew every word by heart. Nance had, of her own free will, given him up. She had grown tired of him! Yes, it could bear no other meaning—she had grown tired of him. He remembered now, with hideous distinctness, how she had pressed him to leave her, to go to town; how, when he had shown reluctance, and even dislike of going, she had smilingly insisted upon his doing so.

He had always heard of the fickleness of women. But that Nance—his Nance!—should be so frail, so fickle, so incapable of a true and lasting love, seemed hideously incomprehensible.

But it was true. Here it was in her own handwriting. Her own handwriting! He remembered that she had never written to him before. It was her first letter—her first letter! He laughed bitterly and raised his hand to fling the letter in the fire, but some feeling stayed him, and he thrust the single sheet of note-paper into his pocket.

It all seemed so plain to him; she had grown tired of him. Some friends, new friends, had turned up. She had turned from him to them; not, perhaps, without a pang—very likely with a slight feeling of regret on his account, but with none on her own. Oh! it was hideous! He laughed again. Sir Terence must have heard him, for he came into the room hurriedly, and with a look of alarm, asked what was the matter.

"Nothing, nothing in the world!" exclaimed Bernard, with a wild laugh. He poured himself out—recklessly—a glass of brandy and drank it off; then he looked round for his hat and coat.

"Where are you going?" asked Sir Terence.

"Out for a little while," said Bernard. "The room is hot, stifling. Robson always makes up a fire like a furnace. Don't sit up for me. I may be late."

He was gone out of the room before Sir Terence could ask any further questions.

He strode along the streets, his face white, but with his head burning. The words of the note rang in his ears mockingly, like a demoniac chorus. Every now and then he smiled the smile of a half-mad cynic. Nance's flight had been hard to bear, but this heartless letter of hers coming after the weary days of terrible suspense and longing, simply maddened him. He reached Felicia's house and rang the bell.

The footman eyed him with scarcely concealed surprise.

"Is Miss Damerel in?" asked Bernard, quite oblivious of the lateness of the hour.

The man said he did not know, he would ask; but Bowden, crossing the hall, saw Bernard and came towards him.

"My mistress is in, sir," she said. "She was to have gone to *Lady Starbright's* to-night, but she didn't. She is in her boudoir."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMPBACK PECULIARITIES.—The expense of maintaining the camel is remarkably little; a cake of barley, a few dates, a handful of beans, will suffice, in addition to the hard and prickly shrubs which they find in every district but the wildest of the desert. They are particularly fond of those vegetable productions which other animals will never touch, such as plants which are like spears and daggers in comparison with the needles of the thistle, and which often pierce the incautious traveler's boot. He might wish such thorns eradicated from the earth, if he did not behold the camel contentedly browsing upon them; for he thus learns that Providence has made nothing in vain.

Their teeth are peculiarly adapted for such a diet. Differing from all other ruminating tribes, camels have two strong cutting teeth in the upper jaw; and of the six grinding teeth one on each side, in the same jaw, has a crooked form; their canine teeth, of which they have two in each jaw, are very strong, and in the lower jaw are two external cutting teeth have a pointed form, and the foremost of the grinders is also pointed and crooked. They are thus provided with a formidable apparatus for cutting and tearing the hardest vegetable substance.

But the camel, is at the same time, organized so as to graze upon the finest herbage and browse upon the most delicate leaves; for his upper lip being divided, he is enabled to nip off the tender shoots, and turn them into his mouth with the greatest facility. Whether the sustenance, therefore, which he finds be of the coarsest or the softest kind, he is equally prepared to be satisfied with and enjoy it.

COMMON SOOT is the latest disinfectant. It is found to be a great germ killer, to absorb foul gases, and to be a preventive of cholera. It contains some of the unoxydized hydrocarbons formed in the smoke from burning coal, and among them creosote, which is the great destroyer of the fatal germ, and is in this respect necessarily superior to charcoal.

THE TRUTH.—"Doctor, I am troubled with shooting pains in my face." "Yes, madam; you use too much powder."

THE EYES THAT'S BLUE.

BY H. R. S.

I will not have a dark brunette
Although her heart be true;
But I will have a pretty blonde,
With eyes of lightest blue.

I don't dislike a good brown eye—
But good ones are but few;
Gray eyes, of all things, I abhor,
But love an eye that's blue.

What kindness, gentleness, and love,
Beam in a soft blue eye!
And they can dart, whene'er they please,
Glances that ne'er can lie.

Oh! may it be my lot to have
A fair hair'd girl, whose heart
Is true—and may the rose its tint
To her soft cheeks impart!

A Modern Genie.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WIFE'S SISTER," "FLINT AND STEEL," ETC.

THE GENIE.

"Danbasch left Malmoune, and flew towards China, whence he soon returned with incredible speed, bringing the fair princess along with him asleep. Malmoune received him, and introduced him into the chamber of Prince Camaralzaman."

THE reader's eyes glowed in sympathy with the daring deed, and his heart beat in emulation of the dread spirit's powers. Indeed, at some previous stage in the cycle of existence, Dick Somerton might possibly have been himself a genie—good or evil as the case might be—delighting in playing such tricks upon harmless and unsuspecting mortals as Danbasch had upon Badoura.

Sitting in the well-furnished library of Somerton Grange, sunk in his day-dream, he offered fair game to the beautiful girl who, with finger on lip, advanced on tiptoe behind him, unperceived, and suddenly clasped her hands over his eyes.

Startled from his musings, the lad jumped from his chair, only to be greeted by a silvery laugh, half merriment, half derision.

"And so you have nerves too, Master *Dick!" quoth she banteringly.*

"I say, Kate," said he shamefacedly, "stop that! Do you know I was thinking of you when you came in."

"I am deeply flattered, I am sure," sinking gracefully into a deep arm-chair beside his. "I hope, however, I am not quite so hideous as that."

"Hideous?"

"Yes, so hideous that even the thought of me frightens you."

"No, but, Kate, we'll cry quits. You owed me one, and you've repaid it. If I hadn't been reading this blessed thing about genii and all that, I shouldn't have been such a milksop as to be startled by——"

"Do the thing handsomely, Dick, while you are about it," smiled she, "and say 'by a fairy.'"

"That's what I will say," was the gallant response. "There never was a more beautiful fairy than you, Cousin Kate."

"That will do, Dick, very nicely indeed. You are improving rapidly. I have hopes of you yet. What have you been reading?"

"'Arabian Nights.' I was at the story of Prince Camaralzaman and the Princess Badoura, just where the genie Danbasch has brought the princess to Camaralzaman's room."

"A beautiful story truly, but hardly suited to your tender years, Dick. I'll ask my uncle to lock the book out of your reach."

"You dare! But, Kate," and he threw himself on the rug at her feet, resting his elbows on her knees, "seriously, now, I was thinking of you as Princess Badoura, who, you know, braved her father's anger by refusing to marry, and was shut up in confinement with a lot of old women to wait upon her until she came to her right mind once more."

She gave an involuntary start, then looked inquiringly into his eyes as though to read how much lay behind his words.

Truth to tell, her case resembled that of the Princess of China more closely than her hair-brained boy cousin seemed to imagine. Kate Villiers was really and truly at the time practically a prisoner at Somerton Grange.

Flying in the face of providence and of parental authority, she had absolutely refused to take upon her the matrimonial yoke; and that, as I have yet to explain, under conditions which most girls would have deemed no hardship. Wealth had been offered her with a husband of her own choice; wealth and rank with a husband of her father's choice.

She had no objection to wealth, and no aversion to rank; but when she could only enjoy either burdened with a husband, she refused both, declining to claim the one at the cost of being saddled with the encumbrance of the other. She would marry no husband of her father's choice; she had apparently no choice of her own—or if she had no one knew of it. In any case this much may be said. Her actions and words in reply to her father's entreaties, appeals, and threats, might have been regarded as a free paraphrase of Princess Badoura's words to the King of China:

"Sir, you have an inclination to see me married, and to think to oblige me by it, but . . . . I have no inclination to be commanded."

And she absolutely refused to put herself under the control of a husband even at the command of a father!

How much of the story Dick Somerton really knew, it would be difficult to say. But the truth may as well be told: Kate Villiers, presumably as a punishment for her sins, had been banished to the comparative solitude of Somerton Grange.

"Yes," proceeded Dick, looking admiringly into his cousin's face, "and I was just thinking as you came in, what a jolly thing it would be if I possessed the power of the genie Dannasch to convey the Prince Camaralzaman to your presence, and make you fall in love with him."

"That is very good of you, I am sure," she replied, with a somewhat half hearted attempt at a laugh. "I suppose you have gone even further, and fixed upon your prince?"

"Yours rather," said the lad. "And I don't mind telling you that I have."

"And of course, like every other prince, he is brave?"

"He has proved himself so."

"And handsome?"

"As Adonis."

"And rich?"

"No. He is almost as poor as a church mouse."

"Ah! There you spoil the story!"

"Not at all, Kate! It isn't his fault that he has met reverses, and had to sell out."

"To sell out?"

"Yes, out of the army. He has come a cropper—lost a pot of money—some rotten investment or other, and has sold out of the army to pay his debts. He was Burnaby's chum, you know, in the relief of Khartoum, and got the V. C., you know, and——"

"But how can I know unless you tell me his name?"

"Oh! I thought you knew! In any case you ought to know there is only one man fit to play Prince Camaralzaman to your Princess Badoura."

"That is uncomplimentary, Dick, and I must say your story is getting tiresome. You had better let your prince preserve his incognito," and with a pretence at a yawn she rose and made to leave the room.

"All right, Kate! I'll pay you for that, see if I don't! But the prince will be here to-night."

She was startled out of her equanimity.

"Here! Is he coming here?"

"I thought you didn't know who it was!" laughed the boy; then as his cousin tossed her head and turned her back once more, he said to himself:

"The thing is worth trying; and if nothing comes of it, it will put Kate and the Captain in a queer hole. I should like to see them to-morrow."

And chuckling to himself, the lad left.

THE PRINCESS BADOURA.

Kate Villiers had been at Somerton Grange just three days at the time our story opens. She had been sent, or rather brought, there in deep disgrace.

"Jane, my dear," Mrs. Villiers had said to her sister in the seclusion of her own boudoir when Mrs. Somerton had paid a hurried visit to town in response to a frantic and not altogether intelligible letter of appeal for help: "Jane, my dear, you cannot imagine the trouble that girl has given us."

"Well, I'm sure, Lucy, I can't understand it. I had always regarded Kate as a girl any mother might be proud of. I know she created a great sensation when she came out, and that she could practically have made the best match of the season."

"Just so, and that makes it all the harder now to bear! the ungrateful, undutiful girl that she is! It is almost enough to make one wish her aunt never left her such a lot of money!"

"I see!" said Mrs. Somerton. "You wish to send her to the Grange to be out of the way of some undesirable parti who wants her money."

"No! It is just the reverse," replied Mrs. Villiers wiping her eyes. "Let me tell you the whole story. You know Leonard's sister, who died a year ago, left a large fortune."

"Yes, and that Kate was the fortunate legatee."

"Yes. She gets a hundred thousand under certain conditions, and Leonard gets ten thousand if Kate's conditions are fulfilled."

"I am ignorant of the particulars. You know I have been abroad for the greater part of the year."

"Quite so. Well, let me explain. Her aunt, while yet in her teens, was crossed in love. There was a sort of unauthorized engagement with a poor subaltern, and her father, very properly I think, forbade the marriage. The lover went on foreign service, and shortly died. Miss Villiers, who was Leonard's sister, as you know, married. Kate had always been a favorite with her, and in her desire to save her niece from the fate which had befallen herself, old Miss Villiers made the most outrageous disposition of her property it is possible to imagine. You see, it was her father's opposition to her marriage which had made her own life so lonely and loveless. She wished to guard Kate against this by placing a premium, as it were, on her finding a husband."

"Oh, that is a common way, you know; to make the succession to a legacy dependent upon marrying a certain person. Kate, I suppose, does not care for the person her aunt had selected?"

"No, no, that is not it! She is left absolutely unfettered in her choice. If she marries before she is twenty-one, or within twelve months of her aunt's death, she gets a hundred thousand, and Leonard gets ten thousand. But, if she does not marry within that time, Kate gets nothing and her father gets nothing."

"And Kate?"

"Exactly! Kate won't marry; and all the money, with the exception of a few paltry hundreds, goes to some charities. It is enough to drive one mad! Why, ten thousand would be the making of us, without mentioning Kate's hundred thousand!"

"The stupid girl!"

"And the offers that girl has rejected! You'd hardly believe! There was Sir Arthur Wilson, who owns half the country almost—she absolutely laughed in his face when he proposed three months ago."

"But, Lucy, Sir Arthur is old enough to be her father!"

"And therefore all the better to keep her in order. Then only yesterday she insulted, openly insulted, Lord Ravensbeak, who proposed to her father for her hand. She called him a spendthrift, a gambler, and to his face raked up that nasty story about the—you know."

"Yes, I do know. And I must say, Lucy, that if you have been urging such men as these on Kate, it is not to be wondered at that she should have refused them."

"Jane! And you would aid and abet my daughter in open defiance of her parents' authority!"

"Certainly I would if you attempt to exercise that authority so unwisely."

Mrs. Villiers' reply was a succession of sobs which threatened to border on a hysterical display, had not her stronger-minded sister literally as well as metaphorically shaken her with more common sense than gentleness.

"Come, Lucy. It is no use you going on like this. The situation must be faced. Which would you prefer—a title or the fortune for Kate?"

"What a question! a title is all very well, but she can't live on that."

"Quite so, and you can't pay off the mortgage on the Court with another man's title. That being so, it is better that Kate should marry anybody who pleases her, than that she should remain single. Is there no previous attachment?"

"I know of none."

"And what time has left? She was twenty-one, I think, last summer?"

"Yes, in July."

"And when did her aunt die?"

"In October of last year."

"And it is now September!"

"Yes. Unless she is married by the twenty first of next month everything will be lost!"

Were it permitted ladies to whistle, Mrs. Somerton would undoubtedly have relieved her feelings in that manner. Failing this she had recourse to her smelling-bottle, making meanwhile a rapid mental calculation.

"We have therefore, just three weeks and four days left in which to carry the thing through."

Then followed a deep and earnest conversation between the sisters. Mrs. Somerton, after mastering the situation, pointed out to her sister that, possibly, Kate, having in the great world of society too wide a field to select from, had at one and the same time found the task more difficult and the prospect less attractive than if her choice had been strictly limited.

"Now, Lucy, you must run no further risks. We must have no more urging the girl to accept men against whom her physical or her moral nature revolts. The case is really too critical a one. We must get her to marry, not the person whom we would wish, but the man who is likely to be least objectionable to her. I will take Kate back with me to-morrow. You give me a perfectly free hand to deal with her as I like, and I will undertake to say that in three weeks she will be ready to marry. Young Mr. Aspinwell was I know, deeply struck by Kate's beauty at the last ball. If no great catch, he would be regarded by many as a desirable parti—not over rich, but still sufficiently so to make the match altogether an appropriate one. The Colonel shall write, inviting him to stay with us for a week or so. The shooting-party have all gone. There will be no one at the Grange except Kate and he. And after the rush of London life, she will be only too glad of any company to relieve the solitude of the country. You take my word for it, Kate will be Mrs. Aspinwell in time to claim her aunt's legacy."

Mrs. Somerton spoke confidently—but as frequently happens counted without her host.

Thus was Kate Villiers, for her sins, banished to the Grange, where she saw no one except her uncle, Colonel Somerton, her aunt, and her cousin Dick.

Mrs. Somerton, like a sensible woman, at once took her husband into her confidence, and found that one minor detail of her little plot would have to be modified. The Colonel had already invited a former messmate of his—Captain Bassett by name—to spend a few days at the Grange, and he was due on the 29th.

"But that need not interfere with your plans, my dear," said he. "Bassett was never much of a lady's man, and is less likely to be so now than ever. You know he was hard hit over that South American business. A rascally solicitor had invested all Bassett's money there, and now——" The blank in the sentence was more expressive than words.

"He has sold out, has he not?"

"Yes. He was too honorable to retain anything which might be turned into money for his creditors' benefit. He has, perhaps, a couple of hundred at his bankers, and is going out to South Africa in a couple of months. He'll make his mark, too. They will be only too glad to find work for the hero of the march on Khartoum."

"Well, it won't much matter," commented Mrs. Somerton, "I can have the green room put ready for him, and I have already instructed Sarah to prepare the west blue room for Mr. Aspinwell."

Meanwhile, ignorant, or seemingly so, of the conspiring going on among the higher powers, Kate Villiers found the quiet of the Grange restful, and the humors of Dick Somerton a welcome relief after the harassing attentions of her too eager suitors.

PRINCE CAMARALZAMAN.

Dick Somerton had, with all a boy's admiration for whatever is brave or "plucky," long since placed Captain Bassett near the highest pinnacle of British heroes—a position for which indeed he was, in the estimation of many, not altogether unfitted by the deeds with which the country had resounded during the historical march on Khartoum; a march in which he had showed at once such dash and coolness.

Dick took good care to be ready in the hall when the Captain arrived—the Colonel having done his old messmate the honor of meeting him at the station eight miles distant, and driving him over himself. The lad was thus enabled to "do the honors," as he called it; in other words to show the Captain his room.

"The green room, Dick!" called out his father, as Dick bounded up the stairs.

"All right, dad," came the ready response.

"Here we are, Captain," he said, pushing open the door of a spacious room of

somewhat unusual construction. Had the Captain been very observant he would have noticed that the room was made up in blue and not in green, as one would have supposed from the Colonel's words. Its peculiarity, however, consisted in that, one portion—that to the right of the door, and facing the large bay window—was partitioned off from the body of the room, forming in fact a sort of curtained alcove, containing a large old-fashioned bedstead, with a space of possibly three feet between the bed and the wall on the one hand the curtain separating the alcove from the room on the other. To make it clear, the partition, which reached from the ground to the ceiling, was L shaped, the long leg running from behind the door in the direction of the window; the space from the end of the shorter leg to the wall against which the head of the bed was being bridged by a massive brass rod, from which hung heavy blue curtains looped up at the sides. There was thus really a bedroom within a bedroom as it were. The space between the head of the bed and the curtain was occupied by a large wardrobe, the lower of which was open, the upper part, three-fourths of the whole, being enclosed by panelled doors.

Towards this wardrobe Dick made his way, placing the portmanteau in the lower portion, and throwing open the upper doors.

"Just a hint, Captain," said he; "the mater is awfully strict about a place for everything and everything in its place, and all that. You won't take it amiss if I ask you to keep your portmanteau just here, out of sight, you know; and the clothes you don't wear hung up in the wardrobe?"

"Thanks, Dick; I'll see to it."

"Comfortable quarters, aren't they?"

"Rather! A lot better than we had in the Soudan!"

"You'll let me come in for half an hour to-night to have some yarns, won't you?"

"What a voracious appetite for yarns you must have, to be sure! But I'll try to satisfy you."

"Thanks awfully. I'll leave you now to your own devices. You'll hear the dinner-bell in half an hour. You can find your way down, I suppose? Or shall I call for you?"

"No, Dick. I think I'll manage, thanks."

Half an hour later Captain Bassett, entering the drawing-room, was surprised to see a graceful figure in white standing with her back to the door in lively conversation with the Colonel.

Mrs. Somerton advanced to meet him with outstretched hand.

"Welcome to the Grange, Captain Bassett. I hope you had a pleasant journey down?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Somerton, yes."

"Bassett, let me introduce you to my niece, Miss Villiers," said the Colonel.

Kate turned, and gave her uncle's guest a somewhat frigid bow.

"It is a needless trouble, uncle. I have had the honor of meeting Captain Bassett before, I think."

"Yes—that is, no—no—I mean yes, I have had," and the Captain stumbled hopelessly, flushing to the roots of his hair, to Dick's no small amusement.

"That is satisfactory if not altogether explicit," smiled the Colonel. "Will you give Mrs. Somerton your arm, Bassett," and so they stormed the dining-room.

It must be admitted that the newly-arrived guest contributed but little to the conversation at the dinner-table. He sat almost silent, not to say taciturn, giving monosyllabic replies to his hostess on the one hand, and not altogether relevant answers to Dick's remarks on the other.

Mrs. Somerton had her suspicion aroused by this behavior, but they were lulled, if not quite disarmed, by the knowledge that the Captain was a confirmed bachelor, impervious to feminine charms, and by the fact that her niece was that evening exceptionally brilliant, and all but oblivious of the Captain's presence opposite her.

The gentlemen did not sit long over their wine, following the ladies in a very short time. Had Miss Villiers set herself out specially to please and enchant, she could hardly have figured to better advantage.

Each in turn—except alone Captain Bassett—came under her charm of voice and manner: him she accorded just that amount of courteous notice good breeding demanded—but very little more. Once, indeed, she asked him if he sang, and the question was put in a manner more than courteous. Mrs. Somerton could not help thinking that her guest, if he desired to make himself agreeable to her niece, would not only readily respond to the invitation, but that he would make it an excuse for asking for a duet. But he did no such thing. Politely, but coldly, almost curtly, he begged to be excused; and the excuse was as coldly accepted. This was the only occasion during the whole evening that Kate directly addressed him.

Hardly had the Captain closed his bedroom door that night than Dick the irrepressible entered.

"I do so like your yarns, you know," said the boy; "and you promised I should see you here for half an hour to-night."

"I'm not in a good mood for yarning to-night, Dick. Suppose you take an innings now, and I'll see what I can do to-morrow?"

"Very well. That's a bargain. I suppose you've read the 'Arabian Nights?'"

The Captain nodded.

"Well I've been thinking, you know, what a jolly thing it would be if some of those genii were still left, and one had the power of ordering them to do just what one liked."

"What of the Mahatmas?" asked the Captain smiling.

"I don't know about them. But I guess they're not up to much. Now, if I could command a real first-class genie, do you know what I would ask him to do?"

"Procure you Aladdin's lamp, I suppose."

"No. I would get him to reproduce for me the story of Prince Camaralzaman and the Princess Badoura, and take two of my personal friends for the characters."

"And how goes the story? I forget."

"Oh, you know the prince was a confirmed woman-hater—regarded the greatest beauties with as much indifference, and treated them with as little courtesy, as you did my cousin to-night."

Captain Bassett started, bit his mustache, and flushed painfully under the lad's keen gaze.

"The prince refused to think of marriage. The princess was in the very same boat, and would have nothing to do with any who sought her hand. But one night the genie Danhasch brought these two together without their knowing it, and each beheld the other, and, unknown, learned each other's thoughts. Then while they still slept the genie again separated them. When they awoke in the morning in their separate rooms they could not believe their eyes. Each had learned as it were that they loved, and were loved, and neither could be happy again unless they were married. The prince sought and at last found the princess, and married her off-hand."

"A very interesting story, truly," said the Captain suppressing a yawn. "But how do you propose applying it to-day?"

"Well, you are my Prince Camaralzaman, of course."

"Much obliged for the honor, I'm sure. And have you found the princess?"

"I can tell you she is now in actual existence, and I could, if I liked, do with her what Danhasch did with Badoura."

"And what was that?"

"Bring her, unknown to you, and unknown to her, into your room. And when you woke in the morning you would be surrounded by the signs and proofs of her presence, and unable to believe your eyes."

"Dick, my dear boy, you must be a fool, or think I am one. Go to bed."

"Then, good-night, and pleasant dreams; but don't forget me in the morning!" and Dick glided out.

No sooner was the lad gone than Captain Bassett got up, pacing the room like a caged beast.

"I never thought I should have met her here," said he. "Had I known, I would have shirked the trial, even at the cost of displeasing the Colonel. 'Twas hard to meet on this new footing—harder than had we met as strangers, after what has been. Heaven knows, I have been hard tried during the past twelve months, but nothing has been harder than to give up all hope of winning Kate. 'Twas my cursed luck to lose my own fortune at the very moment she came into hers. My loss created the gulf to separate us; her gain widened it, and it is, and must be, impassable."

Then going to his portmanteau, he drew out a small packet, which he opened, disclosing a miniature case, containing on one side the photograph of a girl who might have sat for Princess Badoura's portrait as drawn by Danhasch himself—in other words, of Kate Villiers. Opposite it was one single curl of silky hair, neatly mounted on a card. Underneath photograph and curl were a few words written in a small but beautifully clear hand.

Placing the case before him on the table, where the light of the lamp fell full upon it, he gazed long and lovingly upon his treasures—for such beyond a doubt they were. Almost unconsciously he read aloud the words written by his own hand on the cards:

"Had fortune proved less harsh to me, or less kind to her, I would have ventured. Now all I dare claim are these—and memory.

"J. B Cairo, Aug., 188—"

"Yes," he mused, "I shall have these—and memory; though she knows nothing of the first, and shall know nothing of the last if I can help it."

Then caressing the brown curl, and impressing a passionate kiss on the sweet face smiling up into his, he proceeded to divest himself of his clothes, and sought his bed, where in his dreams he fancied he saw Kate Villiers borne off by the Mahdi's followers, while he made frantic but futile efforts to reach her side.

THE GENIE INTERVENES.

When Captain Bassett awoke the next morning and proceeded leisurely to dress himself, he met with a surprise. Acting on Dick's instructions he had, after taking out his evening dress, replaced his portmanteau in the wardrobe. On proceeding to search for it, he found the spot where he thought the wardrobe should have been occupied by a couple of chairs, on one of which was placed his bed room candlestick. Staring around him in astonishment he perceived the wardrobe on the other side of the bed, with his portmanteau and its contents as he had left them.

"What a fool I am to be sure!" he said. "I could have sworn the wardrobe stood between my bed and the room, while here it is actually between the bed and the wall!"

He pondered a moment, and then laughed to himself. "Of course it's all right I remember distinctly the wardrobe was on my right, and my candle on my left as I lay in bed, and here they are in that very position. And yet I could have taken my oath, too, that the wardrobe was between me and the window when I went to bed, while now it is the bed which is on the outside. And now let me obey Dick's injunction and get my house in order. My evening dress, which I left on the back of a chair, must come into the wardrobe."

Proceeding to pass out of the alcove containing the bed, into the larger room, he experienced a recurrence of the sensation. He was struck with some such sense of strangeness as a man might be expected to feel in a room familiar to him by description but which he had never before seen. So strongly was this impressed on him that he paused as it were on the threshold.

"If I were in Africa," he mused, "I should think I was going to get a bad attack of fever. I suppose it's the effect of that hairbrained lad's talk of genii and all that rot. The curtains are all right as I left them: there's the window, and the dressing table, and the table with the lamp all as they should be; and here is the chair where I placed my clothes," passing out into the fuller light of the open room, only to utter an exclamation of profound astonishment.

The chair was there—but not as he had left it. Instead of his clothes, there glittered the sheen of a lady's dress, falling in soft white folds over the back of the chair.

"What madcap prank has that boy been playing?" he cried, half angry, half amused. Being a man of action, he strode to the window, and drew up the blinds, throwing a flood of light into the room.

Everything was the same—and yet everything was different. The dressing-table was in its old place, but instead of his shaving-case which he was certain he had left the previous night, it was littered with all a lady's toilet paraphernalia of hairpins, scent-bottles, hand-glass, and other fittings. There also lay the brooch he had seen Miss Villiers wear the previous evening; yes, and there, too, lying on its velvet cushion the pearl necklace which had graced what Dick had described as her alabaster neck.

So it was with the rest of the furniture in the room. Every article was placed precisely as he remembered it the previous evening, but all around were the unmistakable tokens that the occupant of the room was a lady accustomed to luxury, and not a soldier able to dispense with all but the barest necessities of civilization.

"The little imp must have got in last night while I slept," said the Captain, smiling uncomfortably to himself.

But the smile gave place to a frown as a fresh thought rushed to his brain, and he strode to the table on which he had left his treasures—the photograph and the lock of hair. The table was there, the lamp was there, precisely as he had left them—but the portrait and its companion relic had disappeared.

Resting on the very spot they had occupied was a lady's watch marking the time—8.30.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Scientific and Useful.

NEURALGIA.—It is said that a mustard plaster on the elbow will relieve neuralgia in the face, and one on the back of the neck will relieve neuralgia in the head; and that many persons have been cured by this simple process.

TELEGRAPHS AT SEA.—A suggestion is made to establish telegraph cable stations on the high seas, built upon buoys, at which a steamer may stop and communicate if in distress, give her time, and enable her passengers to communicate with their friends on either shore.

GROUND GLASS.—To half an ounce of white hard varnish add two ounces of methylated spirit. Shake up well, and allow it to settle for an hour or two. Clean very carefully a plate of glass, and coat with the varnish. When dry, a semi-opaque film of exquisite fineness will be left on the glass, which answers well as a substitute for grinding the glass.

COKE AS FUEL.—Tests in the use of coke as a fuel for locomotives in place of coal have been made by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad on some of its Virginia lines during the past few weeks, and have proved very successful. With the heaviest freight trains equally good results have been obtained from coke as from coal, with the great advantage of an avoidance of the smoke and cinders attendant on the use of coal.

WET BOOTS.—When boots are wet through, do not dry them by the fire. As soon as they are taken off, fill them quite full with dry oats. This grain will rapidly absorb every vestige of damp from wet leather. As it takes up the moisture, it swells and fills the boot like a tightly-fitting last, keeping its form good, and drying the leather without hardening it. In the morning shake out the oats and hang them in a bag near the fire to dry, ready for use on another occasion.

Farm and Garden.

COWS.—A good cow will pay her way even on high-priced land, but weed out the unprofitable ones. Be well prepared to make a test of what your cows are doing for you, and always keep some promising young heifers coming on.

PLANTS.—Once in the morning is often enough to water house plants, and let the water be about the temperature of the room. Setting pots in dishes of water is not a good plan, as the roots become saturated and have a tendency to rot. All water should be applied at the surface.

WEEDS.—The principal injury weeds do to the growing crop is to rob it of the available nitrates contained in the soil. Weeds feed with especial avidity upon these, and when they have been taken up thus, they are, of course, no longer available for the crop. The loss which results from growing weeds is not theoretical—it is real.

THE STABLE.—A ton of good stable manure, well kept, should contain about eight pounds of nitrogen, ten of potash and four of phosphoric acid, of which the commercial value is about $2; but only second to this is the mechanical value of stable manure in loosening up the soil. Whatever other fertilizer is used, it should be supplemented with the barnyard refuse.

HORSES RUNNING AWAY.—When a horse is known to have a disposition for running, a firm, steady hold should be kept over him, at the same time speaking gently and encouragingly, yet, at the least symptom, checking him sharply and scolding him, and never allowing him to increase his speed of his own accord, as fear will oftentimes cause him to break into a gallop. Either in riding or driving, the rein should be held firmly, but not by a constant pull, to deaden the sensitiveness of his mouth, taking care occasionally to ease the reins and keep the mouth alive by a gentle action of the bit, only just loosening them, so that, on the least symptom of bolting, they may be caught up quickly, and the horse be well placed under command without frightening him. By a little judicious management in this way, and with patience and kindness (not pet) with firmness, a cure will in most cases be completed in a short time.

The FEEBLE MOTHER and the WEAKLY CHILD will be alike benefitted by the use of JAYNES TONIC VERMIFUGE taken perseveringly an hour after each meal. For the Liver use the Painless Sugar Coated Sanative Pills.

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Love of the Beautiful.

This is a very ambitious title, and one that is likely to drive away readers who are aware how long and dreary are the works in which the sense of the beautiful has been examined. But we do not intend to follow the metaphysicians. We will not be led into the desolate region of definition. It is the happy prerogative of the essayist to roam at will, like the wandering bee of an individualistic turn, or even like the more irresponsible butterfly. He is not as the hiving creature who rushes out and home again in hot haste, as for his life, taking a bee-line. He is allowed to flutter carelessly round his subject. His work is not a treatise; suffice it if it throws out a few suggestions, records a few impressions, produces a few passing pictures, gives a taste and not an analysis.

Some of the most tiresome of all writing has been perpetrated with the brightest of subjects as an excuse, as in the case of disquisitions on beauty. There is no beauty in dissections of beauty. The moment we begin to steady our impressions of beauty, that we may fix them, examine them, assort and understand them, the beautiful has vanished. It is like the pulling to pieces of flowers bit by bit to find the cause of the pleasure which their delicacy of form and odor brings to us. As Emerson said, "The boy had juster views when he gazed at the shells on the beach or the flowers in the meadows, unable to call them by their names, than the man in all the pride of his nomenclatures." No—we shall not attempt any serious examination or classification of the beautiful, but shall only stroll hither and thither and gather up a mixed handful of wayside flowers and weeds, and bring them along loosely and unsorted.

It is very curious to notice how the philosophers have differed in their presentation of the sense of the beautiful as a subject for study. They have differed in their points of view and their conclusions as much as widely-separated races and classes have differed—and that is saying a great deal. They have differed as to whether a sense of the beautiful comes early or late in the progression of the human faculties. Is it a mere sense impression or a product of thought? They have differed as to whether anything is beautiful in itself, intrinsically, or is only endowed with its reputed qualities by the view's eye. But we are beginning to wonder in the paths of temptation which we had determined to avoid, so we will leave the philosophers alone.

People who are not philosophers and who never gave a thought to the analysis of beauty, but have been content to enjoy it at sight, have not agreed anywhere very exactly as to what constitutes even personal beauty. The Persian woman stains her nails and hands with henna, and never doubts that the effect is charming. The Indian woman dons a nose-ring and fetters her wrists with bracelets and her legs with anklets, and is well satisfied with the effect. It is hardly enough to say that these women are uncivilized. Is it not that there has grown up among them a different ideal of beauty, just as there has grown up in Japan an art which differs from the art of the West, and yet is art as truly as ours?

Without allowing that to be beauty which is generally thought to be beauty by large numbers of men—such as the oval face of the Tartar woman or the fatness of the Zulu wife—it must be owned that personal beauty takes innumerable forms, and can hardly be classed by any subdivision into a sufficiency of types; and beauty in the widest sense is more wayward, unexpected, and evanescent than personal beauty—we never know where we shall find it.

The manifestations of the beautiful, and especially of moral beauty, appear in every nook and cranny of civilized life; and there is more than a romantic reason for supposing that they are seen also in life that is often accounted half savage. The hospitality of partly civilized people is an illustration; and another is seen in the fidelity with which some men of savage rearing will keep their word—until they have been disenchanted by the white man's treachery.

The growth of what is beautiful amid uncongenial surroundings has been one of the favorite themes of the tale-writers, whose guidance in pointing out what is worth admiring has not yet been appreciated at its proper value by the moralist. The violet lurks in its beauty amid dank and sometimes noisome surroundings, but its fragrance and grace are unaffected; and so it is with much moral beauty that shapes itself amid poverty, disappointment and care.

People who live in an atmosphere of good taste are in danger of supposing that a sense of the beautiful is chiefly or almost entirely to be found among those who visit beautiful places and learn to admire and compare Nature's most artistic groupings, who have seen all that is best in art, whose souls respond to the complex harmonies of the most advanced masters of sound and have lost their sensitiveness to what is simple, who have lingered in delight with the great thinkers whose thoughts have been cast into a form of words that promises to be eternal.

Such favored people are guarded instinctively against a violation of the canons of good taste, and, knowing that others are not free from offence, but are all their lives accepting what is ugly and distressing without apparent demur, may be forgiven for coming to the conclusion that a woeful proportion of mankind care very little for beauty. And yet it is to be found everywhere, and everywhere it is sought.

From tens of thousands of souls there rise ineffectual aspirations after what is beautiful and gracious. The heart turns against sordid surroundings, narrow, tame, unrelieved, and demands something more than to continue living and being useful. It asks for the well-modulated enjoyment which is the outcome of the beautiful.

No small part of the love of pretty things that is set down to the score of vanity and emulation has for foundation a delight in whatever seems artistic and pleasing; and it is one of the glories of woman that she has so largely been instrumental in preserving and developing the love of the beautiful.

AVOID people who have no faith in their kind. They are dangerous to deal with. A thorough knowledge of their own bad hearts is at the bottom of their distrust of others. Taking it for granted that everybody with whom they come in business contact is bent on overreaching them, their object is to spike the enemy's artillery by being the first to overreach. Candor is lost upon them; they consider it refined hypocrisy. Favors they look upon as cunningly devised lures, intended to lead them into a trap, and, while receiving them willingly, chuckle inwardly at the thought that they are old birds and cannot be caught by any such devices. These creatures think they understand human nature. Poor wretches, of all the thousand springs of human action they know but one, and that the worst—selfishness. Let them stop that spring in their own moral machinery, if they can. Let them do it for their own sakes, for they can never know how much of good there is in the world until they do.

WHAT is of more value to the community than incorruptible honesty, fidelity and truthfulness? Whoever possesses these is a general benefactor. The man who resists temptation and leads a true and pure life is building up truth and purity, not only in himself, but in society. The man of sweet and kindly sympathies and a generous nature sheds abroad an influence which sweetens the lives and refines the hearts of all who come within his sphere. All this demands strict self-control, and may involve much self-sacrifice. The lower nature must be brought under the dominion of the higher, and the temporary suffering which it costs must be endured with fortitude.

WE are taught, both by religion and that law of civilization which we call humanity, to feel for the sorrows and distresses of our neighbors. Without the sentiment of pity, society would be little better than a menagerie of wild beasts, wherein each fought for his own hand and no one gave a thought to the sufferings or the rights of others; but pity makes these wild beasts into men, and substitutes for the selfishness of individualism the community of race and the duty of mutual help.

HEALTH is the one thing needful; therefore no pains, expense, self-denial, or restraint which we submit to for the sake of it is too much. Whether it requires us to relinquish lucrative situations, to abstain from favorite indulgences, to control intemperate passions, or to undergo tedious regimens—whatever difficulties it puts us under, a man who pursues his happiness rationally and resolutely will be content to submit to.

SOME one has said truly that "brains constitute the motive-power of mankind," and certainly the intelligence which comes from true education and mental discipline is one of the main elements of our increasing civilization. By adding to it in our own case we add to the general fund, and do our share towards the uplifting of the race. Even more fully do we do this in building our own character.

THE dress of the mistress of the house has a bearing on her influence. Injunctions as to care and precision in the household work come with greater emphasis from one who herself is habitually neat in attire, than from one whose slovenly looks are a perpetual example for untidiness everywhere.

INNOCENT mirth of every description inspires a sympathetic pleasure and works a good that is contagious. Wit and humor are among the greatest refreshments of life, and are gifts in trust to those who possess them for the cheer and exhilaration of mankind.

BE not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owning, what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more sense than you had before to see your error, and more humility to acknowledge it.

NEVER bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

IF there is a virtue in the world we should aim at it is cheerfulness.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

FRED. G.—**A cubic foot of distilled water** weighs 1000 ounces; a cubic foot of air weighs 1.2 ounce; and a cubic foot of hydrogen gas weighs 0.069 ounce. Perhaps these relative weights will enable you to make your calculation.

H. H. H.—**The French revolutionists** called themselves atheists and set up Reason as a goddess. They attempted to change the calendar and made many other foolish assaults on Christianity under the influence of a blind fury, the reaction from despair and want.

READER.—**It is said that Clements Romanus** suffered martyrdom by being thrown into the sea with an anchor tied round his neck, the anchor still being used as the symbol of St. Clement. Hence in later times he became the patron saint of anchor-smiths and maritime towns, in the latter of which there is usually one of the churches dedicated to him; and in these places the church feast is usually accompanied by a supper.

R. G. A.—**Manuscript for the press** should occupy one side of the page only. It should not entirely cover the sheet. A margin should be left at the top of each page or slip, and another down the left hand side. These are necessary for the marks which the editor may deem it necessary to make for the guidance of the printer. All proper names and unusual and foreign words should be written with careful distinctness, as near like print as possible. Especially is this requisite in cases where the author is not likely to have a proof for revision as in most newspaper work.

SAPIO.—**Fish have a weakness** for a brilliant light, just as moths and other insects have. Taking advantage of this characteristic, there has been invented an electrical fishing apparatus, which consists of a large iron frame interlaced with netting, which can be opened and closed at the will of the operator. An electric light encased in a lantern is lowered into the net, the electricity being furnished by a motor in the bow of the boat. As the boat moves along the net work is thrown open, and the bright light of the lamp, which is seen at a great distance in the clear water, attracts the fish, which readily swim into the trap, and so fall victims to their own curiosity.

SWORDS.—**By Newton's second law** of motion it is obvious that the ball, being within the sphere of the earth's attraction, will partake of the earth's diurnal motion, and be carried round with the same velocity as the earth on its axis. Consequently the ball, if not acted upon by any other force, will remain in the same place in which it was first suspended. This is a parallel case to that of a ball being dropped from the top of a ship's mast when she is sailing along uniformly at any given rate; in which case it is found by experiment that the ball will fall at the foot of the mast, just as it would were the vessel at anchor; thus clearly proving that the ball partakes of the motion of the vessel.

DILEMMA.—**It is evident that you care** more for the girl than she for you. Be quiet, and do nothing, and let matters take their course; but behave as a gentleman and as a man. Women in reality, although they cry out a good deal, and have persuaded themselves that all the love is on their side, do not generally love so warmly and ardently as men, nor are many of them so constant, that is, when a man is a man,—a noble lover, and a Christian gentleman. Some wives are curiously cold, impertinent, insulting, and tyrannical, to their affectionate husbands, and most good women will tell you the same thing; for, if a woman is a good woman, she likes to see man take and hold his proper place.

PHILIP II.—**The "feelings" of which you** complain point to a depression which may be wholly due to the unsatisfactory state of your mind on the subject of "religion." We have no faith in "callings" and "dawnings of light." True religion is an affair of the heart, and its sphere is deeper than the emotional nature and "experiences" which certain sections of the Christian world lay stress upon and regard with critical importance. "If any man have faith, let him have it to himself before God." Emotional religion is not a thing to be valued, still less cultivated. Get rid of this trouble and doubt, and take a robuster view of life, and your health will improve. There should be nothing in your calling or mode of life to cause the weakness and depression of which you complain. If the "feeling" does not pass away with the advent of a happier frame of mind on the subject of religion, do not let matters go on badly, but seek medical advice.

DUNN.—**Hercules was a myth and never** lived at all. It is indeed difficult to assign "an age" to him. In the mythology he is said to be the son of Jupiter and Alcmena; to have been the embodiment of strength; to have performed Twelve Labors; to have been raised to heaven. The Orphic hymns identify him with the sun, and his Twelve Labors with the passage of the sun through the twelve signs of the zodiac. Some say he is the same as Melcarth, the sun god of the Egyptians, and declare that his marriage with Hebe, goddess of youth, pleasure, and beauty, is but a mythical way of speaking of the renewal of the year. Some Biblical writers see the identity of Hercules and Samson, the Jewish judge and hero. There is a similarity between the Greek Herakles (the original form of Hercules) and the Hebrew Harkel, i. e., circuitor—one who roves about, a merchant. The history you will find in any Classical Dictionary. Why "he has been handed down from generation to generation" is not far to seek. He is almost omnipresent in classical and mythological fable; and his name, learnt in one's youth, is pleasantly recalled as a symbol of human strength.

LIGHT UP!

BY J. E. T.

Light up!—the dusky evening comes,
Let us trim our lamps to greet it;
When the bee no longer hums,
Let us be prepared to meet it.

There is pleasure in the thought
That our daily course of duty
Has been ever nearer brought
To an evening full of beauty.

Do we tread a darken'd road
Weary, sadly, faint, and slowly;
Let us turn to light's abode,
Though it may be poor and lowly.

Light disseminates the truth,
Shows the pathway to perfection;
Teach the lesson unto youth,
Light is evening's best protection.

Seed-Time and Harvest.

BY T. R.

ST. MARY'S bell was ringing for evensong in the dusk of the winter day. It had sounded over the streets for more than its usual time, and the worshippers were gathered together, waiting for the clergyman.

The first sharp tones of the bell reached him as he stood in the shabby parlor of a large house in one of the narrow thoroughfares of the great manufacturing town. He started and looked at his watch.

"So late! I must go, Miriam. And you have not decided yet."

His companion kept her eyes steadily on the dark dreary street. Crowds of workers were going home from the factories, laughing and talking, and jostling one another on the pavement. The winter twilight was falling, the sky was dark with clouds. She did not answer the question that was spoken so earnestly, unless that look was an answer. The clergyman lingered, though the bell sounded sharp and fast.

"Will you come to church?" he asked.

"No, no!" she answered in a low, stifled voice, and dropping her head upon her hands. At that moment the door was hastily opened.

"I can't come in—my cloak is dripping, Miriam, are you—— Why, Mr. Tremaine, I thought I was late!"

"So you are, and so am I," was the quick answer, as he caught up his hat.

"It is raining fast. Here is an umbrella," said the little dark figure at the door.

He took it with a quiet "Thank you," and they went out together, with hurried steps towards the church.

"Will you wait for me after service?" he said, and his companion nodded her assent, as she passed in.

When she had thrown aside her cloak, the dim light showed a slender little figure, in a dress of almost Puritan simplicity. Gayer attire would have added no charm to the grave young face, so sweet and womanly, so eloquent of truth and tender strength. A stranger, a little keen-eyed man, who chatted in low tones to the pew-opener, observed her keenly as she passed to her seat.

"Is that——?" he said, interrogatively, as if the person he meant had formed the subject of the conversation.

"No, sir! That is Miss Alice Gordon, the Vicar's niece. Shall I show you a seat, sir?"

"Please," he replied, as he followed the woman up the aisle, glancing round at the scattered congregation.

The bell had ceased at last; and, as he took his seat just opposite Miss Gordon, Mr. Tremaine entered the chancel and commenced the service. The little man's keen eyes wandered to the clergyman, and rested for a while on his pale face and the firm, tender eyes and lips that told of hard work done, and of a soul sanctified and strengthened to endure.

Though the congregation was so thin, there was no hastening over the prayers by the clear, solemn voice; and the stranger had full time to read the two faces that seemed to interest him so much. The first lesson was over, and he turned over the leaves of his prayer book eagerly to the psalm that followed.

Through the dim church rose a voice, rich, pure, and thrilling, singing the grand old words. The stranger bent his head, so as not to lose a note of that wondrous music. Other voices were singing—Mr. Tremaine's clear tenor, and a few faint trebles; but above them rose that voice in the glad utterance of a rejoicing soul.

The stranger, whose eyes watched her through the service, saw how unconscious she was of her wondrous gift. He lingered a little when the prayers were over; but, finding Miss Gordon did not move, he went out and walked back to his hotel, being weary with a long day's journey after a rough passage over the Atlantic. He had been absent from England thirty years. The sister he had loved above all earthly things was dead; his home was broken up and forgotten; and the only link that seemed to bind him to the old life was his youngest sister's only daughter, Miriam.

Miss Gordon did not go out with the others; she passed into the vestry, where a fire was faintly burning in the dusty grate. Mr. Tremaine had taken off his surplice, and was waiting for her.

"It's about Miriam," he said, quietly, as he gave her a seat by the fire. He stood opposite her, shading his face with his hand.

"She will go," returned his companion, in a low voice.

"Ah, it is a great temptation——" He stopped short, and a bright scarlet flush dyed his face.

"She wishes to accept Mrs. Warner's offer to-night," said Alice. "It will be a great change for her—Miriam is fond of change."

"To night! Miss Gordon, she ought not to go."

"Why do you say so?" asked Alice Gordon.

"A time approaches," replied Mr. Tremaine, "when the Vicar's eldest daughter should be in her place as mistress of his home. A dark shadow is coming for those we love, Miss Gordon. Miriam must not go abroad."

"Miriam does not know," she said.

"You must tell her" he decided.

"I tell her?" she questioned. "I cannot."

"Who else can do so, Miss Gordon? I am so cruelly placed. I cannot say a word to keep her back from her first knowledge of the world she would grace so well."

Alice's look startled him, and he stopped hastily.

"Don't you know? Has not Miriam told you?" he continued.

"Mrs. Warner's letter to day has taken up all my thoughts," she answered, without looking up. "Miriam has told me nothing."

"We are engaged," Mr. Tremaine said, quietly—"long since yesterday."

Alice had raised her hand as if to ward off the feeble flicker of the fire, and he did not see the deathlike pallor that overspread her face. She rose up and leant her brow against the wooden mantelshelf.

"I will tell Miriam of her father's danger," she said. "Do you think he is very ill?"

"He is dying," returned the young man, sorrowfully. "Let me put on your cloak"—for Miss Gordon had taken it up with shaking hands. She tried to answer him, the words broke off in an inarticulate sound; and, leaning back against the chair, she fainted quietly away.

When she came to herself she was still on the chair, with Mr. Tremaine and the old woman that kept the keys bending over her.

"I am better," she said, faintly, sitting up. "I will go home."

"You cannot walk," urged Mr. Tremaine, putting his arm round her, for she staggered as she rose.

"I am quite well now," she returned, hurriedly.

Her white face and trembling lips told a different tale, though. But she put on her cloak and insisted on going home, so they walked together through the dripping lamplit streets almost in silence.

"I won't come in till after tea," said Mr. Tremaine, as he opened the door for his companion. "Take comfort," he added, gently: "death will only be a brighter life for your uncle, and strength and help are near to us in all our sorrows, if we seek them."

She answered him by a look. Her dark, sad eyes haunted the young man's fancy as he walked homewards, thinking of his bright, beautiful Miriam.

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"How late you are!" said Miriam, looking up pettishly from her duties at the tea tray—for tea had begun when Alice entered the parlor. "Do come and keep these children in order. Frank has stolen all the sugar, and they are fighting like cats and dogs."

"Do try to get a little quietness, Alice," entreated her uncle, who was lying on a sofa by the fire; "and can you get me some better tea, dear? This is quite cold."

In a few moments Alice's presence changed the whole aspect of things. She stirred the fire into a cheerful blaze, cheered the Vicar's heart by a cup of steaming tea, checked the children's wild behavior by a few firm, gentle words—yet her own heart was breaking the while.

Miriam gladly gave up her seat at the tea-tray, and sat down in a low chair by the fire, and played absently with her cup and saucer. She was a handsome girl, with straight features, and bright golden hair. A keen observer would have seen little character in her face, beautiful as it was; but it lighted up well as she talked, and every feature was perfect.

"Many people at church, my dear?" asked the Vicar.

"About a dozen. A stranger was there, an old-looking man."

"Where's Tremaine?"

"He's coming in after tea, uncle. Frank, ring the bell, my boy;" and Alice began to collect the tea equipage with deft fingers.

"You haven't eaten a thing, Alice," exclaimed Frank.

"Personal remarks are not agreeable," she answered, gently pulling his ear. "Get your books, my dears. Over Pons Asinorum yet, Jim?"

"Oh, do help us, Alice!" exclaimed the boys, rushing for their books.

"I want Alice," said Miriam, impatiently. "Now, papa, may I go?"

"My dear, you have my consent if you have your own," he answered.

"I shall never have the chance again, and it is only for six months."

"What can I say more, dear? Go and enjoy yourself. It is very kind of your aunt to ask you."

"And I may really go?"

"If you wish, my daughtre."

"You dear old father!" she said, bending down and kissing him. "I knew you wouldn't say 'No.' I will make our old house radiant with trophies of my travels," she added, gaily.

He followed her with mournful eyes out of the room, and sighed heavily. Miriam called her cousin hastily.

"Come and read my letter, Alice! Where has the girl gone? Alice!"

"I am coming," she answered, running upstairs. "Have you written it?"

"Yes, here it is. Have I put the proper quantity of thanks? Isn't it kind of her to promise to get my dresses. These things wouldn't do for Paris."

"No," said Alice, sitting down. "I don't suppose they would."

"Now what is it, Alice?" said Miriam, looking half defiantly at her cousin. "I ought not to go, I suppose, in your opinion? It is hard I can't have a little pleasure for once without everybody looking as if I were committing murder. There's John——" She stopped, with a little conscious laugh.

"Well," said Alice.

"Ah, you know! He told you, I suppose. But nothing is settled. Of course I wouldn't have that until I came home. But I suppose we shall make a match of it, unless——"

"Unless what!"—"Oh, I hardly know. I may see everybody I like better."

"You ought not to go, Miriam."

"Of course! I expected that. Why not, pray? This sort of life may do for you, but different blood runs in my veins, Alice. This dull place half kills me. It isn't life—it is vegetation. Why shouldn't I go?"

"You shouldn't leave your father."

"What do you mean?" asked Miriam, starting. "He is only a little ailing now, as he always is in the winter."

"He is dying, Miriam."

"Dying!" All the warm color left her cheeks for a moment. "How dare you frighten me so? What do you mean, Alice? Who said so?"

"Can't you see he gets weaker and weaker? Oh, you must not go!"

"Who told you—John Tremaine? Ah, he did!" The girl's fair face flushed with mingled pain and rage. "I suppose he thinks to keep me at home, like a naughty child, by trying to frighten me. Papa is not worse than he has been for years. You have got up the plot between you, I know."

Alice sat in silence, while Miriam paced the room with hot, angry feelings, accusing everybody of cruelty towards her. The clock struck eight.

"I shall miss the post. Where is my letter, Alice?"

"Are you going?"

"Yes. Papa would not let me go if he thought he ought not, and John shall know I have a mind of my own. It's perfect nonsense about papa. My eyes would see any change quicker than yours or John's, who can't feel as I do. If I thought——" She stopped as she addressed the letter. Her better nature for a moment prevailed—only for a moment. "It was a foolish trick to try to frighten me like that. It was a trick, wasn't it, Alice?"

"Think it so, if you please."

"I know it was. But I must go, dear. Think! I shall see Paris and Rome and Naples. Oh, Alice, it will be delightful. There's the letter. Do carry it to the post for me, dear. John will be here in a few minutes; and, if the boys go, they will lose it."

Alice took the letter in silence, and went away for her cloak. She met Mr. Tremaine in the hall.

"Going out again, Miss Gordon?"

"Only to the post."

"Give me the letter. Has Miriam's gone?"

"No. Here it is. It must go to-night, and I fear I shall lose the post."

"Is she really going?"

"Yes." returned Alice, gravely.

He took the letter, and turned back into the street in silence.

"Has he got my letter?" asked Miriam, who was waiting at the top of the stairs when Alice went up. "Is he angry?"

"Yes," said Alice.

"I don't care. He can't expect that I shall stay mewed up here all the time;" and, humming a gay tune in defiance, she proceeded to the parlor.

Alice came down presently, before John came back, and she sat down by the boys, keeping them quiet over their lessons, and holding little Mary in her arms. The Vicar went to bed early, and Alice soon followed with the four children, leaving the lovers alone. John was pacing the room when she came back at supper-time, and Miriam was seated in her favorite low chair, looking painfully disturbed, and with her hand shading her eyes. Not a word was said of Miriam's going till after supper, when Alice, as her custom was, sat down to the piano to say. Suddenly Miriam cried out, in an unnatural voice—

"Alice, oh, Alice, stop! I cannot bear it."

Alice hastily rose up, startled at her cousin's ghastly face.

"I thought I saw my mother in the room," she said with a shiver; "it was only fancy, I know. John, I wish I had never sent the letter."

"Is it too late to change your mind?" asked Alice.

"I must go—I cannot give it up," answered Miriam, as the color slowly came back to her face.

* * * * * *

Next morning Miriam was packing, with Alice's help, and they were considering the merits of a blue cashmere that was very becoming to the fair hair and brilliant complexion of the Vicar's daughter. She had put it on and fastened some white lace round her neck, and stood at the glass looking at the effect.

"Come here, Alice," she said; and her cousin crossed the room and stood by her side, looking at the reflection of their two faces in the glass.

They were a great contrast to each other. By Miriam's white skin and exquisite complexion Alice looked pale and sallow; and to day there were dark rings under her heavy eyes, and her lips had lost their pleasant smile.

"Never mind," said Miriam, gaily smoothing her cousin's thin cheek. "Goodness is better than beauty," she added, with a laugh. "I think John is a fool—don't you, Alice?"

"No, I don't," said Alice, gravely, beginning to fold some dresses.

"I do. If he weren't, he would have fallen in love with you. But men are all alike—a pretty face is all they care for."

"One would think you did not love Mr. Tremaine," said Alice.

"Well, I am afraid I don't. My beau ideal is somebody very handsome and rich—not a poor curate. But n'importe. Don't, for goodness sake, fold like that, Alice! Whatever are you about?"

"Miriam—Alice!" called out the Vicar's faint voice from the foot of the stairs. "Come down, girls—your uncle wishes to see you."

Their uncle!

"Wait a moment," said Miriam, running back to smooth her hair. Alice went down to the parlor, where she found the little keen-eyed sallow man who had been in church the night before.

"I am your uncle," he said—"your mother's brother."

"Uncle Henry from America?"

"Yes, I am the last of them all. And this is Miriam," and he turned with a delighted face to speak to his beautiful niece.

"You are like your mother, my dear. She was my youngest sister and my favorite one—you are the picture of her," he said.

"Your uncle will stay here for a time," said the Vicar, in a low voice, to Alice. "Will you go and look after dinner, my dear?"

Alice quietly left the room, leaving Miriam in the midst of a lively conversation with Mr. Haydon.

Alice was busy cooking in the kitchen when John Tremaine came in with the clothing club accounts. He sat down by the glowing stove, talking over parish business with Alice, who was director-in-chief of the district meetings, Dorcas society, etc. She rolled the crust and listened, and gave her advice concerning the manifold little troubles that beset a parish. John had just risen to go into the parlor and be introduced to the visitor, when Miriam came in, radiant in cashmere, and laughing merrily.

"Oh, Alice, such a delightful mistake! Uncle thought you were engaged to John!" she exclaimed, not seeing the young clergyman for the moment. Then, on perceiving John, she exclaimed:

"Why, John, are you learning cooking in addition to your other accomplishments? Do you know our respected uncle has been settling you two in life most comfortably? He thought you most suited to each other till papa undeceived him."

"How very foolish!" said Alice, her face slowly flushing.

John Tremaine followed Miriam in silence from the kitchen. Her gay words had struck him strangely. Some day, of course, Alice would be engaged and married, and the light of another home. Without confessing it to himself—hardly understanding how deep the feeling was—he realized in that brief moment of thought how much sweetness her bright presence and tender household ways and brave steadfast spirit added to his life. Despite himself he carried on the thought, and awoke with a dim pain to the knowledge that, if Alice, instead of Miriam, had been going, what a much greater blank would have been left—how much more she would have been missed. He had proposed to Miriam in a moment of passionate admiration of her beauty, and already, without really knowing it, he was beginning to regret.

Mr. Haydon was charmed with his beautiful niece, and the time slipped quickly by till the boys and Mary came home from school.

"And are these my nephews?" asked Mr. Haydon.

"They are not Mary's children," said *the Vicar, with a sad smile.*

"Ah, I forgot—Miriam is the only one she left." He turned to his neice, and added, "Thank Heaven, I have found one left to remind me of those I loved! You will make an old man's life happier by your mere presence, my dear."

"But I am going away to-morrow, uncle."

"Going away!"

"For six months, with papa's sister, abroad. It will be so delightful."

Mr. Haydon looked from the Vicar's white face, and round at the children, with a glance which even Miriam could not mistake.

"Can you be spared, my dear?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, carelessly; "Alice is mistress here."

Her tone and manner provoked a glance from the mild Vicar that made Miriam add, hastily—

"I don't like housekeeping;" and with that the subject dropped.

* * * * * * *

"Oh, Alice," wrote Miriam from Paris, "this life is too delightful! How shall I ever sink back into that humdrum existence at home? It seems like a dream here, where such vulgar things as Dorcas meetings, and Sunday-schools, and washing days are unknown. Aunt Warner is so kind, and we get on capitally. How ever can papa think so hardly of her? She is adorable. I have been to the Louvre today. Charmed of course! One of aunt's friends, the Comte de Rabord, was with us. He speaks little English, and I less French, but we are very good friends, and he is truly delightful. One of the old nobility, his manners are grace itself. Poor John! How gauche he would look beside him." In another epistle she said, "The Comte de Rabord has just gone. He is teaching me French, and we are reading Racine together. Ah, Alice, I think sometimes what a pity it is that my six months will have an end. I am so happy here!"

Many more letters, filled with sentences like these and vivid descriptions of the Comte, found their way to the house in the busy street, and were put away with heavy sighs in Alice's desk. Meanwhile life went on in the great town. Mr. Haydon settled down in the Vicar's house. With unflagging energy Alice went about her daily duties, though the color had left her cheeks, and her lips were taking the sorrowful lines that speak of hidden pain.

A little romance happened in the dead of the dreary winter. There had been a destructive fire in the town, and a concert was got up by the Vicar's congregation in aid of a fund for the sufferers. Among those that enrolled themselves as performers was a wealthy merchant who had lately settled in the neighborhood with his mother. He was unmarried, and very good-looking, with a fine bass voice, and proved a great addition to the little band of performers. A friendship sprang up between him and the Vicar's family, and his kindness to the children, his thought for the invalid clergyman, and his bright, genial manners made him a favorite with all.

After diplomacy on his part worthy of Machiavelli, it was arranged that there should be a duet between him and Alice, who of course was to sing at the concert. Mr. Willis professed great difficulty in learning his part, and made almost daily visits at the Vicar's to practise it with Alice.

Despite his better nature, John Tremaine became intensely irritated at finding the big, handsome merchant as much at home in the Vicar's household as he was. He got sulky over it at last, to Alice's great amazement, who had never seen such a display of temper from him before.

"Your head is full of the music," he exclaimed, pettishly, one morning, when Alice made some mistake with the accounts of the children's club. "I beg your pardon," he added, hastily, seeing a wondering look in Alice's soft eyes. "I am afraid I'm getting old and bad tempered."

"Haven't you had a letter from Miriam lately?" she asked, gently.

John's face crimsoned. He had hardly thought of Miriam for weeks.

The night of the concert came and Alice dressed and came down into the parlor to wait for the rest of the party. Her uncle Henry was there, came to meet her with a smile, and put a little case into her hand.

"Will you wear this, my dear, to-night?"

It was a brilliant diamond star for the hair. Alice fastened it in her soft dark braids, with a childlike pleasure as its beauty and her uncle's kindness. Very charming she looked in her simple evening dress, with a white cloak over her shoulders. John called for the boys, for the Vicar had consented to indulge their vehement desire to hear Alice sing.

"Won't Willis be more bewitched than ever?" whispered uncle Henry, slyly, as John looked admiringly at Alice.

"I dare say," he returned, dryly, feeling inclined to wish Mr. Haydon at the North Pole.

The cab came up at that moment, and in the slight bustle Alice dropped the flowers from her dress on the damp pavement.

"They are spoiled," remarked Mr. Tremaine, picking them up with great delight, for the exquisite white blossoms were Mr. Willis' gift.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" exclaimed Alice, in real distress.

"Mr. Tremaine is jolly cross to-night," said Jim to Frank, sotto voce, as they walked to the concert-room. "He isn't half so nice as he used to be."

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The concert was a great success. Alice's songs were the great "hits" of the night, and she was almost bewildered at the applause that greeted her appearance upon the platform, and the encores that followed. Two people saw nothing but her sweet calm face the whole evening, and both of them wondered now and then at its intense sadness when the smiles that came so readily were gone and her lips at rest.

The day after the concert was rough and stormy. Mr. Tremaine had to attend some meetings, and it was dark when he paid his daily visit to the Vicar. Tea was over, the boys had been sent off to the study to prepare their lessons, and only Mr. Haydon and the Vicar were in the parlor. Mr. Gordon had a flush of excitement on his white cheeks, and uncle Henry greeted the young clergyman gaily.

"We have just been talking about another lover, Tremaine. You have a comrade in affliction, my dear fellow."

"Oh—indeed!"

"Mr. Willis has been to see me to-day," said the Vicar. "He asked my permission to propose to Alice."

"Indeed!"

"It will be a great thing for her," observed the Vicar. "When I am gone, there will be somebody to take care of her, dear child."

"Miss Gordon has accepted him, then?" asked John, quietly.

"That is the question," said uncle Henry, looking keenly at the young man's face. "We don't know. Alice went off to the night-school without enlightening us on the matter; but of course she will say 'Yes.'"

Mr. Tremaine did not continue the subject. He gave his report of the meeting he had attended to the Vicar, and hurried away. The postman met him as he went down the steps, and gave him a thick letter. He put it in his pocket without caring to see from whom it came, and walked rapidly along the streets, heedless of the rain that beat upon him. Miriam was utterly forgotten in that hour of terrible pain. He knew the truth now; he knew that he loved Alice with all the depth and earnestness of his nature.

He walked on till he reached the room where the night-school was held. The gas was glaring through the uncurtained windows, and the buzz of voices floated out. He stepped over the threshold and stood inside the door, for a moment looking at the face that he felt was dearer to him than life. Alice was bending over a desk at the top of the room, teaching some big boys the mysteries of arithmetic. How patient she was with them, and how their rough faces softened at her gentle words and the voice that was perfect music! She passed up and down the forms very quietly, without any display of authority, but keeping all those unruly wills in order by force of that rare power over others which is the secret of true dominion.

Mr. Tremaine passed round the school, speaking to the teachers. The work was over before he reached Alice's desk. He waited till the boys had gone and the room was empty, but for a few teachers packing up their books. Then he crossed over to Alice, feeling that he must know the truth.

"I don't think I have seen you to-day," she said, looking up at him with a smile. "Have you been home?"

"Yes," he said, picking up some books from the table. "They tell me you are engaged, Miss Gordon. May I wish you all happiness?"

Her face was bent over the desk, and he could not see its pain and trouble, or understand the feeling that kept her aunt.

"Is it so?" he whispered, hoarsely, forgetting all, save that he had lost her, and the life that might have been. "Oh, Alice!"

Something in his tone, expressive of anguish kindred to her own, made Alice look up, and her voice trembled over the quiet answer—

"I am not engaged to Mr. Willis."

Their eyes met for moment. Then Alice moved quickly away, and began gathering up the remaining books and slates, her cheeks flushed, her hands hot and trembling. In that glance she had understood, and he too, that they were all in all to each other. Both remembered what parted them, after the first wild joy that knew no other thought than that of being beloved.

He helped her to put the school appliances away in silence, and brought her cloak, and put it on for her. The rain was over, though clouds still hung overhead, and the night was cold and windy. The homeward walk was performed in utter silence till they reached the Vicar's door.

"I am going away to-morrow," said Mr. Tremaine, in a low voice. "I shall get Darrell to do the work."

"Are you?" answered Alice.

"Yes—I can't stay here. Good-bye—God bless you, Miss Gordon!"

"Good-bye," she said, faintly. And so they parted.

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It was late that night before Mr. Tremaine thought of his unopened letter. It was from Miriam—a thick packet. John broke the seal, recognizing, in some amazement, his own letters enclosed.

"I have made a mistake," wrote Miriam. "It is better you should know it now than hereafter; my liking was only a girlish fancy. I have learnt what love means since I have been abroad. Forgive me. It is better for both that we should part." The rest of the letter was lost upon the reader. He could only realize that he was free—that the terrible mistake he had made would not ruin his life—that he might be happy yet.

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Saturday morning was always a busy one in the Vicar's household. The boys were at home from school, and there was Sunday's dinner to prepare, and the mending of the week to do, in addition to the regular daily duties. Alice, who always managed to have odd jobs for the boys in rainy weather, sent them up into the garret to sort out some packets of old journals, and then, with little Mary at her side, hemming a handkerchief, began to look over the big basket of clean clothes. The Vicar was lying down in his room, and uncle Henry was reading to him, so Alice had leisure to think.

"Somebody come," lisped Mary, jumping up from her footstool at the sound of the hall door opening. "It's Mr. Tremaine, Allie."

He shook hands with Alice, looking into her face with an earnest questioning glance that made her shrink and tremble.

"Look," he said, handing her Miriam's letter; "this came yesterday."

He sat down by the little work table, watching her as she read. The startled glance of her soft eyes, the exquisite color tinging cheeks and brow, satisfied him. She put the letter quietly down and took up her work again.

"She is in Naples," was her murmured remark.

He bent a little towards her, trying to see beneath the drooping white lids.

"Alice—Alice," he said, gently, "it was a bitter mistake."

She glanced up and they looked into each other's eyes—a long, tender look, that said more than words could say—and Alice dropped her work upon her lap and put her right hand—that faithful, loving hand—in his.

"Till death us do part," he said, solemnly; and thus they were betrothed.

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Miriam and her aunt were alone. A tete-a-tete was rare between the ladies, and Miriam was in no mood to listen to her aunt's vapid talk this morning. They were expecting the Comte de Rabord, and she was restlessly waiting to receive him. Poor girl! She had told John Tremaine she had learnt what love meant. Ah, true love Miriam could not understand; the feeling she mistook for it was pride and gratified vanity, and intense admiration for the handsome Frenchman.

"He must speak to-day," she thought, with painful longing to hear the pleasant words.

"You are flushed, my dear," said her aunt, looking up from her embroidery, with a cold smile on her handsome face.

"I have a headache, aunt," returned Miriam, playing restlessly with the trimmings of her delicate morning-dress.

"Poor child! Come here, Miriam—I have some news for you."

"From England?" she said, starting.

"No; I am going to be married again."

"Married!" Miriam echoed the word.

"Yes—why not? I am not too old, and I have five thousand a year."

"Who is to be the happy bridegroom?" asked Miriam, sneeringly.

"You know him, my dear," and Mrs. Warren looked up with a gay laugh. "He will be rather a young uncle, but qu'importe? You can go back to the parish and your faithful curate."

"Who is it you are talking of?" asked Miriam, hoarsely.

"My intended husband, the Comte de Rabord. Why, haven't you guessed his reason for coming so often to us? I thought you were wiser."

"You are joking," her niece returned, wildly; "I don't believe it."

"It is true. We shall go back to England next week. You shall be my bridesmaid, Miriam."

Miriam started up and left the room, not daring to trust her voice. Mrs. Warner calmly took up her embroidery, while a smile of gratified malice played round her cold lips. If Miriam had been less selfish, less vain—if she had not taken every opportunity to outshine and eclipse her aunt—Mrs. Warner might not have labored so earnestly to win the handsome Comte, to whom money was still more dear than beauty, and Miriam might yet have been happy in her own way; but she had sown in blind selfishness, and the bitter harvest was waiting to be reaped.

After the first discovery of the Frenchman's fickleness, her heart went back to home and the love of John's strong earnest nature. There, at least, she had gained a victory and won the heart her gentle cousin coveted. So, with wild desire for home, she hurried Mrs. Warner's preparations, and counted the moments that must pass before she crossed her father's threshhold.

She parted from her aunt at Dover in sullen coldness, and set out on her solitary journey. How changed were her thoughts since she had traversed that same way a few months before! Then all the world lay smiling before her, and only home was dreary and barren; now the only spot of light was the old house, and all the world was dark and bitter. It was growing dusk when she reached her native place and drove rapidly through the streets. There was a light burning in her father's room and in the parlor; soon she should be welcomed back again. Her heart beat wildly

as she went up the steps and into the familiar entry. The servant had come out at the cabman's ring; she lifted her hands with a sharp cry on recognizing Miriam, and stepped back.

Miriam hurried by her and entered the parlor. Alice was sitting near the lamp, working at some black material, uncle Henry was opposite, with his head leaning on his hand, and John Tremaine was talking in a low voice to the boys, who looked up at him with tearful eyes. They all started up at Miriam's entrance; Alice came hastily to meet her, and put her tender arms round her cousin.

"Oh that you had come yesterday!" she said, sorrowfully.

Miriam pushed away the clinging arms and with a ghastly face went hastily up to John Tremaine.

"Where is my father?" she asked, looking at him wildly.

"He was taken from us yesterday," answered the young clergyman, sadly.

"And you never sent—you never told me. How dared you!" she exclaimed, turning fiercely on Alice. "You chose to take the place of mistress here and steal his love from me; was not that enough without keeping me from him in his last hours?"

"We telegraphed," said her uncle, gravely. "Remember, Miriam, you kept us in ignorance of your wanderings. We last heard of you in Naples, and thither we sent for you. It was sudden, at the last."

"Didn't he ask for me? Oh that I had been here to soothe his last hours! He must have longed for my presence. Did he leave no message?"

They looked at each other in silence. In the utter weakness of those last days, the Vicar had clung to those nearest to him, and Miriam had been forgotten as memory faded and this life grew dim.

"Ah, you took care that he should forget!" she said, bitterly, to Alice.

"Heaven kept him even from the sorrow of your absence, dear Miriam," returned Alice, gently. "His death was perfect peace."

* * * * * *

Miriam's grief was terrible in the first shock; but, like all her sorrows, it was soon over. When the Vicar was laid in the quiet cemetery, and the blinds were drawn up, and things went back to somewhat of their old quiet, Miriam's trouble passed, and she began to think of winning back John Tremaine, who, as vicar de jure, was not a very undesirable parti, nothing better offering.

But Miriam's chateaux en Espagne were shattered at a blow, and her eyes opened to the real state of affairs, which nobody had cared to tell her. Some days after the funeral, Miriam was upstairs looking over her dresses, when she heard John's step crossing the entry to the parlor. Hastily settling her hair in the most becoming manner, and deciding that black made her look fairer than ever, Miriam went softly down the stairs, intent on joyfully surprising her ci-devant lover.

Her entrance was a surprise certainly, though not in the way she had intended. They were standing by the hearth, Alice's head resting on her lover's shoulder and he was looking down tenderly as he tried to comfort her. She started away at Miriam's entrance, and hastily left the room, her face flushed with mingled feelings. Miriam looked in painful, mortified amazement at John.

"I made a great mistake as well as you, Miss Gordon," said John, with grave calmness, "Thank Heaven we found it out so early!"

"And you and Alice are engaged!"

"Yes," he answered, briefly.

"I wish her joy of such a faithful lover," she returned, scornfully.

"She is my first love and my last," said Mr. Tremaine, quietly. "We neither of us knew our own hearts in the summer—did we, Miss Gordon?"

Miriam left the room in silence. She was reaping her harvest.

* * * * * *

The last was the worst of all. Miriam could have borne to think that wealth had won a lover from her; but that Alice—little quiet Alice, without money or beauty—should have made John forget so quickly and so utterly, was hard indeed, to endure. It forced the truth on Miriam that loveliness, after all, was not the talisman she deemed it; and, for the first time in her life, she lost faith in the fair face that had never won her a true heart.

The days passed swiftly on; brighter skies beamed over the earth, and spring dawned. Mr. Haydon declared his intention of returning to America in April; but first he would give Alice to her husband. So they were married one sunny March day, and went away to spend a whole glad month in the country, where the leaves were budding and the spring flowers out. They were to come back and live in the old house, which uncle Henry had had decorated and re-furnished to greet their return.

Mr. Haydon's ship was to sail on the last day of April. In the middle of the month he went to pay a visit to some Scotch relatives. The day after his departure Miriam received a letter from him. She was alone, for the children were at school, and she had leisure to think over the only epistle.

"I came home," wrote Mr. Haydon, "a rich man, wishing to spend the rest of my days in the land of my birth. My heart clung to the thought of finding the only child of the sister I had most dearly loved willing to make my home a pleasant one. I had thought of you, and pictured you, my dear, as like your mother—beautiful as she was, and with the nobler graces of unselfishness and sympathy that had made her the light of my old home. I came back intending to make you my heiress. I won't add one word of reproach to the pain you must feel at your conduct. I will not say anything of Alice. It is all past and gone, you have had a lesson which should serve you well. But the future is still before you, waiting to be redeemed. I hope you will redeem it. The money that would have been yours I have settled on Alice and your brothers and sister. I am going back to my business in America—will you come with me, my dear? I do not offer you a gay life, but one full of busy cares. I will not tempt you to come if you would rather stay in England, you shall have a small yearly income, and choose your own home. Frank, by his own desire, comes with me; the rest will stay with Alice and John. You have a fortnight to decide; think it well over, and may Heaven guide you!"

Miriam's decision was not made without some bitter tears and keen regrets for what might have been. But her lessons had not been in vain; and, when Mr. Haydon came back, and looked questioningly in his niece's face, she said, "I will accompany you, uncle."

There was no time for thought after that. They stayed to welcome the bride and bridegroom back, and spend one last night together under the old roof tree, and then the time of parting came. Miriam's heart almost failed her. But in a new land she hoped to sow daily seeds of love and unselfishness, whereby she might reap a glorious harvest that should endure and brighten her life for ever.

EFFECTUAL.—"Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink." Few people besides sailors can appreciate the terrible import of these simple words. A correspondent writes that on a short voyage which he once made the ship ran short of water, and at last the captain decided to put into Goree, on the west coast of Africa.

As they neared the Cape Verde Islands, however, and got into what are known to sailors as the horse latitudes, the wind fell pull calm, and the vessel drifted idly on the water.

As day after day passed with no signs of wind, the captain became impatient. The surface of the ocean was as smooth as a mirror, and as the long, heavy swells came from the regions of the trade winds, the vessel rolled and tossed about like a cork upon the water.

The square sails were set, to prevent their being worn out in flapping against the mast. The stay-sails were all set and the sheets hauled taut, which eased her somewhat in her rolling.

By this time the water had run so short that the captain felt obliged to adopt some plan to avoid all unnecessary drinking.

Calling a youngster to his side, he said, "Boy, bring me a new tin dipper from the slop chest."

He did so. Then the captain had all hands called aft.

"Men," he said, "I have always dreaded to put my crew on short allowance, but the time has come when something must be done to save what little water we have left."

With that he took a piece of spun yarn from his pocket, and tied it to the handle of the dipper. Then turning to the boy, he said, "Take this to the masthead and tie it there.

"Now," said he, addressing the men, "you can have all the water you want to drink, but you must first go to the top of the mast and get the dipper; and after drinking all you need, you must carry the dipper back and tie it to the mast again. Under no conditions will one of you pass the dipper to another. Every man must get the dipper for himself. In case of sickness I will send the boy aloft for the sick man. This rule will apply to all on board, myself included."

At first the matter was regarded as a joke on the captain's part, but as the days wore on, and each man made his trip aloft after the dipper, the novelty wore off. It was soon found, however, that the captain's plan for saving water was a pretty effectual one. The ship's scuttle butt, which formerly had been replenished from the casks every other day, would now run a week without refilling.

The ship was becalmed just sixty days. Then the trade wind set in, and she proceeded to Goree and refilled the casks. But the memory of the trips made aloft after that dipper, and the spirit in which Captain Higgins performed his part of the contract, left an impression on everyone's mind which remains to this day.

A CASE IN POINT.

Victor Hugo wrote of the man who laughs, and another French author has delineated the experience of a man with a broken ear, and our own statesman and humorist, the late Sunset Cox, has answered the question, why we laugh; but, so far as we know, none of the standard writers of the day have told the story of the man who coughs, or made the hero of an exciting tale the sufferer from lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia or any of those excruciating ailments so common to humanity. The reason for this is probably that readers of fiction do not relish tales of woe, except as contrasts to the brighter side of life, and that authors naturally desire that the heroes of their works shall be models of perfection. It would not, however, require any considerable labor of the imagination to produce scores of characters conspicuous for a propensity to complain of their sufferings from all the afflictions enumerated in the manual of physics. The streets are full of them, and each one has a story more doleful than that of his neighbor. A case which recently came to our notice well illustrates the foregoing. Mr. Michael F. Dever, a prominent and well-to do citizen of Germantown, during the past spring has been a terrible sufferer from rheumatism. His legs were swollen so badly that he could hardly move about, which was a great inconvenience to the gentleman, who is of a nervous temperament and delights in feats of pedestrianism, and bicycle riding; lately becoming interested in the bicycle to such an extent as to grow into that now often seen individual—a bicycle enthusiast. A representative of this paper recently met Mr. Dever wheeling along a smooth boulevard and noticing that he had regained his lightness of step and fleetness of foot, inquired of him how it was that he was able to be out in such disagreeable weather. After detailing all that he had passed through during his long illness, and describing his case in the manner usual to the chronic sufferer, he said: "But I will never be caught in that fix again. I have found a remedy that is thorough and lasting. If you are ever troubled in the way I have been, take Radway's Ready Relief. It's death on rheumatiz." And handing our reporter a fine Havana cigar, he resumed his pedalling with increased vigor, his radiant face the picture of thanksgiving for his providential recovery.

AMERICANISMS.—In defense of our "Americanisms" the people of the New World have thus far been busy identifying them with Shakespearean archaisms. A new investigator has run his plow into pastures new in Chaucer, and has already brought to light two typical latter day "slang" phrases—"to let slide" and "I guess." In his "Clerke's Tale" the old Canterbury narrator tells how one of his characters

"Well neigh all other cures let he slide"

In his prologue to the "Canterbury Tales" he tells us of the "younge squier" that

"Of twenty yeat of age he was I gesse.

"Pitcher" for "jug," "freshet" for "brook," "fall" for "autumn" and "homely" for "plain looking" are also found in the bard of John of Gaunt's day.

Can the sale of an inferior article be constantly increased for 20 years? Just so Electric Soap has been on the market since 1865, and to-day as ever, the best and purest family soap made. Try it. Your grocer will get it.

At Home and Abroad.

From Chicago comes the announcement of the formation of a company, with a capital of no less than $150,000,000, for the purpose of floating an electric motor which, it is claimed, will send a steamship across the Atlantic ocean at a cost of only $200. All that is known is that the motor, the invention of a Chicago man, is reported to be of immense value, and that it will save fifty seven per cent. of electricity, while other motors save only from eight to fifteen per cent. of the power created.

When Captain Gill was traveling in the north of China a few years ago, he fell in with an English mining engineer, the conditions of whose service under the Chinese government were particularly hard. He was congratulating himself upon the success of his researches in the Kai-Ping Hills; for he had been previously sent to examine the coal beds in another province, and when he had reported unfavorably on them, the Government had intimated that they had a very poor opinion of a mining engineer who could not find coal when ordered to do so!

An epidemic of matrimony—the result of the good times—has so decimated the ranks of the volunteer fire department in Jamaica, L. I., that Excelsior Hose Company has formally resolved that the failure of its newly married members to respond to alarms is attributable to the influence of the honeymoon, and that as a remedy the honeymoon period shall be extended to two months. This may be humanity or sarcasm. If the latter, the brides might aptly respond that it is the business of the married men to make fires, not to put them out.

A unique house is being built in Paris for a private gentleman. There will be no stairway in it, and yet it will be a structure several stories high. This sounds like a paradox, but it is explained in this way: The street in which it is being built is the Rue Muller, which has a steep gradient. A large frontage has been secured, extending to the corner of the Rue Lamarck. As the ground rises, there are five gradations, equivalent to five stories. It is in this way that visitors to the house will be able to step directly out of the street on to the fifth floor, as well as on to all the others.

A southern paper recently contained a strong plea for the support of the Negro exhibit at the Atlanta Exposition. The efforts which are being put forth to make this exhibit one of the most successful features of the forthcoming exposition are praiseworthy, and generous support in contributions of money and in articles for display should be heartily accorded by members of the race throughout the entire country. It is the aim of the management that this exhibit shall furnish a memorial of the progress of the colored race during the past thirty years. Its success would be instrumental in encouraging the negroes of the country to still greater activity in their efforts to better their condition in life.

The Mohammedan woman is supposed to be amongst the most ill-used and unfairly treated of any woman in the world. But at any rate she is more protected by law in the way of inheritance than her English sisters. On the death of her father a Mohammedan woman inherits his property in common with her brother, in a proportion determined by law according to the number of children, whilst as a wife she has absolute and undisputed control of any money that was hers before marriage, or of that which may subsequently come to her. This of course only applies to a "free woman;" the lot of the slaves is harder, but it is said that it is "preferable in many respects to that of the majority of free domestic drudges in the West, while their prospects are infinitely better."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Our Young Folks.

THE MERMAID'S SECRET.

BY M. B.

"THEY are coming! They are coming!" shouted the herrings, as they chased one another through the water.

"They are coming!" cried a mackerel.

"Coming! coming!" screamed a haddock.

The seaweeds waved backwards and forwards, and the anemones spread wide their arms, eager to hear all that was to be heard, and see all that could be seen.

"Then there will be no more peace," said an old sole, trying to bury herself deeper and deeper in the sand.

"And I'm glad," said a lively young crab. "I like hearing the stories they tell."

"Stories, nonsense!" said a lobster. "I like peace and quiet. These fish, they are always in such a hurry; they make such a stir——"

And at that moment there was indeed a rush and a stir, as the white horses came pitching through the water two and two, followed by fishes great and small.

"Tell us what you have seen!" screamed the fishes.

"I wish a porpoise would swim this way," said the lobster to an old crab.

"Hush—listen!" said the young crab; "they have begun their story."

"We have pranced in the golden light," said the white horses, moving backwards and forwards as they spoke, for they were never still; "we have seen the mighty blue; we have splashed the white winged giants, and played with the gray winged beauties. We have pranced, we have danced, we have jumped, we have laughed, and to-morrow we ride again!"

"Tell us more!" screamed the herrings.

"More!" shouted the mackerel.

And the white horses, always pleased to tell their tale, began again—

"We have pranced in the golden light—"

"Really!" said the lobster, "this is too bad!"

"When, oh! when?" began the old crab. "Ah! now we shall be all right," she added quickly, as she saw two porpoises, an old one and a young one, rolling through the water towards her.

But a herring had seen the porpoises too, and the warning cry of "Porpoise! porpoise!" was passed from one to another. There was a wild rush, and a second later not a fish, great or small, was to be seen.

Only the crabs and lobster were left to listen to the wonderful story of the golden light, the mighty blue, the giants, and the beauties.

"I wish I could ride with the white horses," sighed the young porpoise.

"To come home no more," said the old one sharply. "They only can ride with the white horses who know the Mermaid's Secret. No sensible porpoise wishes to ride with them for their stories are nonsense."

The horse pranced angrily.

"I can tell stories," said the old porpoise.

"We don't want to hear your stories," said the white horses. "We wish to tell ours." And they galloped away.

"I wish I knew the secret!" said the young porpoise. "I wish I could ride with the white horses!"

"Tell us your story," said an anemone softly to the old porpoise.

"About the cruelty of the white winged giants," said the black rock "that——"

"Here, I say," broke in the lobster, "we have had enough stories."

"I want to go to sleep," said the old sole.

"To-morrow," said the young porpoise, "I will ride with the white horses, and find out the secret."

"The white horses are out," said the fisherman, as he tossed up and down in his boat the next morning.

"That is a white winged giant," said the young porpoise as he rode past the boat on a white horse. "Mother said they were cruel."

"Your mother thinks she knows everything," said a white horse.

"She is always chasing the fish away, and spoiling our stories," said another horse.

"You ride very fast," said the porpoise.

"We like to prance in the golden light," said a white horse.

"In the sunshine, you mean," said the porpoise. "Where are the gray-winged beauties?"

"Hush—listen," said a white horse.

"Coming! coming!" screamed the fishes.

The white horse began to get angry.

"He is every bit as bad as his mother!" said one.

"Every bit!" said another.

"Shall we?" said the first.

"I think we will," said the second.

And they rode gaily towards the shore, and threw the porpoise on the top of a big wave.

"I won't have him!" said the wave, and the porpoise was left stranded high and dry on the beach.

The white horses only laughed when they saw his sad plight.

"We will ride back and tell the fishes!" cried one.

"And the fishes will be pleased," said another. "They hate the porpoises."

They rode back and plunged through the water to tell the fishes.

"What news? what news?" cried a mackerel.

"Great news!" said a white horse.

"News of the beauties?" said the young crab.

The white horse took no notice of him.

"You will be troubled no more by that young porpoise," said one of the white horses.

"He would ride with us," said another, "and we took him because we wished to annoy his silly old mother."

"And where is he now?" said a voice.

It was the old popoise; but the fishes forgot to swim away—they were too much interested.

"Stranded on the beach!" said a white horse.

"High and dry!" said another.

And then all the white horses laughed loudly; but the fishes cried, "How cruel! For shame! How wicked!" And a mackerel shouted—

"We will never speak to you any more, or listen to your stories!"

"Well!" said a white horse.

"You never know," said another, and they pranced away.

"So that is the end of that story," said the lobster. "I'm sorry for the poor porpoise."

"And for his mother," said the old sole.

"Great thing! poor thing!"

"Stranded! stranded!" said the old porpoise as she swam away. "Only one hope! only one hope!"

She made her way as quickly as possible to the grotto beneath the big rock, the grotto where Goldie the Mermaid lived.

It was a beautiful grotto—the prettiest shells, the finest seaweeds, and the loveliest anemones were to be found there.

The porpoise cared for none of these. She swam round and round, growing sadder every moment, for the mermaid was nowhere to be seen.

"Then he must die!" said the old porpoise; "but the white horses shall suffer. I will speak with them once, but if they will not listen to me; I will go to the Princess Calm, and beseech her to drive away the winds, so that they can ride no more." She left the grotto and swam upwards.

The white horses were riding as gaily and proudly as ever, and they laughed when they saw the old porpoise. But she did not stop to speak to them, for she saw her friend the mermaid sitting on a rock, and she hastened towards her.

"She is not alone," said the porpoise, for she could hear the mermaid speaking. "Well, whoever is there, I must speak to her."

"You must always remember," the mermaid was saying, "when you ride the white horses,"

"Don't ride!" shouted the old porpoise, "or you will perish as——" and then a voice cried, "Mother!" and her own son hurried towards her.

"Goldie saved me!" he said.

"I found him only just in time," said the mermaid; "it was nearly too late. And I was telling him that when he rides white horses——"

"Never again!" said the old porpoise.

"Nonsense!" said the mermaid, "he will ride many a time."

And he did. But he was never stranded on the shore again, for he knew the Mermaid's Secret. And he told it to many other porpoises; but if ever you see a porpoise stranded on the beach, you may be sure that he has been riding white horses without knowing the secret. Shall I tell it to you? Well, whenever you ride—— But stop! if I tell it you, it will be no secret.

TRICK ELEPHANTS.

The most difficult trick an elephant is called upon to do in the circus ring says the New York Sun is to stand on his head. When the trainer has an elephant to break to this feat he begins by chaining the animal's front legs to strong stakes, and then fastens other chains to the hind legs below the knees, the ends of the chains being connected with a block and tackle attached at the top of the building.

When all is ready, a number of men on a pair of horses are set to work hauling on the tackle, and the elephant's huge hind quarters are literally hoisted into the air until the force of gravitation and the restraining power of the front chains bring him into the required position.

Of course the animal when treated thus for the first time is thrown into intense rage and fear. He trumpets fiercely, thrashing the ground with his trunk and straining at the chains. Sometimes the chains are broken in the violence of the struggle, but more often the stakes are pulled out of the ground.

Fifteen minutes at a time is as much of this severe exercise as it is considered safe to put upon an elephant. He is released and has two or three hours to recover himself. Then the chains are made fast again, the hind legs once more lifted into the air and the elephant brought back into the position required. Four or five times a day this operation is gone through with, and every time the same struggles and resistance are encountered.

Once entered upon, the task is never abandoned until the elephant has learned the lesson, although six or seven weeks are usually necessary to success. By degrees the elephant grows accustomed to standing on his head and allows the chains to do the work more willingly. At last comes the day when the keeper can make him roll forward and lift his hind quarters into the air merely at a word of command and perhaps with a prod of the elephant hook.

The remarkable memory possessed by elephants shows itself in the persistence with which they stick to a certain order in the tricks they do, once these have been thoroughly learned. For instance, if the trainer should give a wrong command to his elephants while they are performing in the ring the chances are that they would disobey him and execute the order which should have been given. If, for example, he told them to march when ordinarily he would have told them to waltz they would go ahead and waltz, refusing to do the march except in the usual order.

"We used to think," said an elephant trainer, "that the only way to deal with a bad elephant was to torture him until he squealed, which meant surrender. And I am sorry to say that many good elephants have on this principle been tortured to their death because their keepers knew no better. Fully half the elephants that are taken with these bursts of frenzy will endure any suffering that can be put upon them rather than show the white feather. They will let you drive hooks and spears into them until they are covered with blood; they will let you burn them all over with red-hot irons; they will let you beat them, shoot them, do anything to them, but they will not give up; you can't make them squeal. And if you persist in this kind of torture you will simply end by killing the elephant. It's an awful thing the way keepers used to torture elephants to their death; it makes me shudder to think of it.

It is remarkable how little sleep elephants need. Two or three hours a day are usually sufficient for their rest, and even this small amount is often taken standing. Indeed when traveling on the railroad the elephants are packed so close that there is only room for about half of them to sleep lying down. Those that lie down first gain the precedence and the others of necessity are obliged to sleep standing. But even in the winter quarters, where they all have plenty of room to lie down, several of the herd usually sleep standing, merely leaning their big bodies against the wall and sinking into slumber. They seem to like this way better.

An ordinary elephant is worth $3,000 or $4,000, but those that have received special training are much more valuable. John L., the boxing elephant, for instance, would bring $5,000, and Dick or Fritz at least $8,000. A high price would be demanded for Columbia, the one elephant born in this country that is now living. Columbia was born fifteen years ago in Philadelphia. There was another elephant born in this country at Bridgeport, Conn., and named after that city, but it died several years ago of water on the brain. The body is in the Bridgeport Museum.

To restore gray hair to its natural color as in youth, cause it to grow abundant and strong, there is no better preparation than Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A dog market is held every Sunday in Paris.

The smallest humming-bird weighs twenty grains.

The earliest attempt to use iron ore in this country was in 1622.

Rice paper is not made from rice, but from the membranes of the bread fruit tree.

Some men are counting upon getting to heaven because they have never been in jail.

A single sponge has been found on the coast of Florida with a circumference of five feet six inches.

All the cities in Corea are walled, and the gates, which are opened at sunrise, are closed at sunset.

A Sunday vendor of ice cream was acquitted at Youngstown, Ohio, of violating the Sunday law.

The Humane Society of Pittsburg has decided that young girls must cease selling papers on the streets.

In Europe the average length of a human life is greatest in Sweden and Norway and least in Italy and Austria.

A first-water diamond, engraved with a figure of a two-headed bull, has been discovered by the excavators at Pompeii.

It is said that not less than 13,000,000 human beings have perished in earthquakes since the beginning of the historical era.

In Argentina the preservation of meat by electricity is to be tried on a large scale by an English company that owns the patents.

Carrier pigeons have just been employed for a curious purpose in Russia. It is to convey negatives of photographs taken in a balloon.

A Western church has taken formal action against foot ball, because the players don't get home from Saturday games in time to go to church next day.

Statistics prove that nearly two-thirds of all the letters carried by the postal service of the world are written, sent to and read by English-speaking people.

A flea will jump over an obstacle 500 times its own height. To show the same muscular power a man would have to jump over a wall nearly a mile high.

The total value of the diamond exports from the Cape of Good Hope during twenty years was $350,000,000. The public paid four times this amount for the gems.

It is related of an Auburn, Me., canary, which escaped from its cage, that a few days afterward he came into the house, and, seeing his cage open, flew in and burst into a glad song.

The largest flower in the world grows in Sumatra. It is called the Rafflesia Arnoldi, and some of the specimens are quite thirty-nine inches in diameter. The central cup will hold six quarts of water.

It is reported that the Salvation Army is about to undertake an energetic campaign in the Far East, and that the initial movement will take place in China, where the leader of the movement is Fong-foo-fing, a Chinaman, and a member of the Salvation Army in San Francisco.

A Welshman proposes to build a ship that will have a speed of 60 miles an hour. The boat will be 550 feet long and 90 feet wide, with a flat bottom and wedge-shaped bow and stern, of 10,000 tons displacement, and with eight paddle wheels on each side, each making 17 revolutions a minute.

The former teacher of the present Czarina says that she was brought up almost entirely as an English girl, despite her German birth. It was not until after her confirmation that she was allowed to go to the theatre or balls, make formal visits and sit at the table when Victoria visited Darmstadt.

Electric cars have been prohibited on the road from Berlin to Charlottenburg. They would have passed by the Imperial Technical Institute, and experiments showed that the current for the railroad strongly affected all the apparatus in the building, so as to make delicate scientific observations and experiments impossible.

The greater part of the cast-off uniforms of the British army find their way into the shops of dealers in second-hand clothing. The coats are then either cut up, sold to theatrical managers or advertising agents, or else exported to Africa and elsewhere, for trading purposes with the Kaffirs and other uncivilized people.

The curfew ordinance, which is so popular in other Minnesota towns, will soon be adopted in Duluth. The proposed ordinance prohibits all persons under 15 years of age from appearing on the streets after 9 o'clock in the evening, and provides a penalty of $10 fine or ninety days imprisonment for violation of the law.

The City Council of Russell, Kan., seems determined in its efforts to root out the cigarette evil in that town. It has recently passed an ordinance which imposes a fine of $100 for the sale not only of cigarettes but even of cigarette paper. According to this stringent rule the cigarette fiend in Russell may not even roll his own "coffin nail."

LOVE.

BY T. FERGUSON.

Asleep or waking, visions of your face,
With all its quiet grace
And cold perfection, all the calm surprise
And passionless great beauty of your eyes,
For ever mock my spirit's loneliness
In all my dreams of you in ev'ry place.

Like one long tossed upon a raging sea,
Whose fearless thoughts and free
Outspeed the storm to some far shining shore
Where never winds and angry waters roar,
So dream I of an hour, in Fate's despite,
When one day you may come to pity me!

COURTSHIP OF INDIANS.

Courship varies somewhat in different Indian tribes, but in every case is quite at variance with civilized ways. Indians do most of their courting in a standing position. A lover waits near the lodge of his inamorata, or beside the path along which the girls of the village must pass for water. While so waiting he will have his blanket entirely over his head, only a small opening being left for the eye. In this way his identity is concealed, and he escapes the guying of his fellows.

When the favored one appears he approaches and throws his blanket over her head, too. If she reciprocates this attention they will stand for hours with the blanket closely wrapped around their heads and shoulders. If she is not favorably inclined to her lover's attentions he must at once desist.

Among the Zunis it is the girl who first makes overtures. Her parents or relatives inform those of the young man as to the state of things, and if everything goes smoothly she becomes "his to be." After that the betrothed couple may often be seen together. In summer she will sit combing his hair on the terraces, while in winter he will sit by her fireside sewing on her trousseau. When the latter is finished, including the necessary pair of white moccasins made from a whole deerskin, the two are pronounced man and wife.

With some of the Pueblo tribes young people are given two ears of corn just before marriage, the young man a blue ear and the maiden a white one. The kernels are very hard, and they must prove their devotion by eating them every one. Then they must run a foot race in the presence of the head men of the pueblo. If the girl comes out ahead she is ever afterward boss. If the man comes ahead he is boss. If the race is a draw the match is declared off, for this result is considered a bad omen. It may safely be inferred that such an untoward accident seldom happens with true lovers.

Among the Navajos eight ponies is considered an average price for a wife, and twelve is high. A pony is worth about $10. The wife is the property of the husband, and when he wants to he sells her. Such a transfer makes no breach in the friendly feeling between the two. A traveler relates that on a long ride through the Navajo Reservation he had as guide a very intelligent Indian, with whom he conversed for hours.

One night when they could find no water, for which their horses were suffering, the guide said: "If we go a few miles further we will find a Navajo house where we will be comfortable. The man is my friend, and his wife is a good cook. She was my wife last year, but I sold her to him."

On arrival at the house, which was simply a rude wall of stones built around a cavern, the family appeared. The family appeared. The man was a villainous-looking, elderly Indian. The woman was fat and 40, without being fair. The meeting was cordial all around, and between the guide and his former wife there was much pleasant badinage. The new husband placidly smoked cigarettes.

Another peculiar thing about Navajo marriages is that after the event the mother-in-law and son-in-law must never look each other in the face again. Thus these ignorant savages have solved a problem which has bothered civilization for ages.

Polygamy is very common among all Indians. It is only recently that the Government has been able to make headway at all toward breaking it up. Some Indians have been known to have as many as a dozen wives, although two or three is far more common.

When an Indian marries more than one wife it is quite customary for him to take the younger sisters of the first one. They are given to him as soon as they become marriageable, the father receiving a pony or two for each one. The oldest sister is the principal wife, and rules the others; a young wife, however, if a favorite of the husband, escapes most of the annoyance from this source.

Polygamous marriages of this sort are more apt to be harmonious than where the wives come from different families. Quarrels between wives are frequent enough under the best circumstances, and sisters are more apt to live together peaceably than strangers.

When a child is born in a Pueblo town the father has a novel duty to perform. For the next eight days, night and day, he must keep a fire blazing in the family fireplace. It can only be kindled in the manner sanctioned by their religion—by the fire-drill, flint and steel, or by a brand from the hearth of the Governor. Should the father let it go out, or fail to kindle it in one of the ways mentioned, it is solemnly believed that the child would not live out the year.

ARMED WITH JOKES.—Oriental travelers say that a Chinese gentleman thinks it beneath his dignity to manufacture his own witticisms. He appreciates wit, and he is fond of tea, but would as soon grow his own tea as make his own jokes.

When he goes into society he carries in his pocket a packet of prepared witticisms and repartees, which he has purchased at the nearest joke-shop. When conversation flags, and he perceives an opportunity of saying something brilliant, he draws a humorous remark from the top of his package and gravely hands it to his neighbor.

The latter as gravely reads it, and, selecting from his bundle of repartees the one which is appropriate, returns it with a polite bow to the original joker.

The two then solemnly smile, in a courteous and undemonstrative way, and resume their conversation, feeling that they have acquitted themselves with conspicuous brilliancy.

Grains of Gold.

Every man has his devilish moments.

Habits are the petrifaction of feelings.

Hope without action is a barren undoer.

Before we can pray right we must first do right.

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

Do not speak of your happiness to one less fortunate than yourself.

Nothing is so strong as gentleness; nothing so gentle as real strength.

Fly in all haste from the friend who will suffer you to teach him nothing.

Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.

A judicious reticence is hard to learn, but it is one of the greatest lessons of life.

Few men are wise enough to prefer the blame that is useful for them to the praise that betrays them.

Without virtue there can be no true happiness; but we want love joined with virtue to give us all the good which this world is capable of bestowing.

The surest way of governing, both in a family and in a kingdom, is for a husband and a prince to yield at certain times something of their prerogative.

As I grow older, I become more lenient to the sins of frail humanity. The man who loudly denounces another I always suspect. A right-thinking man knows too much of crime to denounce a fellow-creature unheard.

Femininities.

Brown says that, although a woman's age is undeniably her own, she can never be induced to own it.

Milk applied once a week with a soft cloth will greatly freshen and preserve boots, shoes, chair-seats, etc.

When you "pop the question to a lady," do it as if you were joking. If she accepts you, very well; if she does not, you can say you were only in fun.

One of the commercial new women has at one of the seashore resorts an electric fan for drying the hair of women bathers, and is overrun by customers.

The obituary notice of a much-respected lady concludes with: "In her life she was a pattern worthy to be followed; and her death—oh, how consoling to her friends!"

Wigwag: "What's the matter with Mrs. Grumpy?" Mrs. Wigwag: "Her head troubles her a good bit." "Neuralgia?" "No! her husband won't buy her a new bonnet."

"Liz," said Miss Kiljordan's youngest brother, "do you say 'woods is' or 'woods are?'" "Woods are, of course," she answered; "why?" "'Cause Mr. Woods are down in the parlor waitin' to see you."

A gentleman remarks: "If in our school-days the Rule of Three was proverbially trying, how much harder in after life do we find the Rule of One!" He has been married only fourteen months.

"Yes; my daughter is getting along in her music so well that we are thinking of sending her to some institute." "I heard one of the neighbors say that she ought to be sent to an institution of some kind."

A duchess once drove up to the door of Sir James Simpson, and sent the footman to tell him that she waited without. "Tell the duchess," he returned, "that Dr. Simpson is engaged with a washerwoman."

Two "ladies" were having some words together on the roadside, when the daughter of one of them popped her head out of the door, and cried out, "Be quick, mother, and call her a thief before she calls you one."

Sir Henry Irving says that English women are singularly undemonstrative. Although women admire him greatly, and often form the larger part of his audiences, he gets his applause almost entirely from the men.

"Well, Leonora, what have you and Harold been doing at aunt Mabel's to-day?" "Had dinner." "And what did you do after dinner?" "Had tea." "But what did you do between dinner and tea?" "Had some cake."

First coming woman: "That Miss Hardyhood will never get left." Second ditto: "How do you make that out?" First coming woman: "Why, she got Percy Willets in the surf and held him under water till he promised to be her husband."

Mr. Downey, the royal photographer, when asked how the Queen sat for her latest photograph, replied: "Like other folks. When I had settled her, I said, 'Would your Majesty put on a more favorable countenance.' She said, 'Certainly,' and put it on."

A woman on a Burlington, Vt., electric car desiring to get off at a certain street and not being able to attract the attention of the motorman, frantically grabbed the register rope and pulled it several times. It is needless to say that the car stopped.

It is said that Countess Giennoti, second lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Italy, was at one time a cigarette maker in Newark, N. J. When she visited Italy, at the age of 15, she attracted the fancy of the Queen and was made a servant in the Queen's household and later became a court favorite.

New England has a greater proportion of wage earners than any other section of the country, in Rhode Island the proportion reaching 42 per cent., or nearly one-half of the entire population. This remarkable state of things is due to the employment of women and children in the mills.

When the Queen paid her first visit to Scotland, many years ago, the following conversation took place between two countrymen. Sandy: "Well, Jock, hae ye seen the Queen?" Jock: "Ou, ay, I hae seen the Queen! But I wadna gang the length o' the street to see her again. She's just made like ony ither woman, an' they tell't me her arms were a lion an' a unicorn."

The Minister of a church in Memphis, Tenn., waged vigorous warfare against progressive euchre, a favorite game of many of his lady congregation. At length he presented as an ultimatum that either the game must be given up or he would resign. Having been through a similar experience once before, they chose as they did on that occasion—the ladies hung on to progressive euchre and accepted the resignation of the Minister.

A London paper tells a story to illustrate woman's tendency to change her mind. A young and well-dressed woman entered Charing Cross telegraph office recently and wrote out a despatch to be sent to Manchester. She read it over, reflected for a moment, and then dropped it on the floor and wrote a second. This she also threw away, but was satisfied with the third and sent it off. The three telegrams read: First, "Never let me hear from you again;" second, "No one expects you to return;" third, "Come home, dearest; all is forgiven."

Masculinities.

Corsets have been found on the waists of Egyptian mummies.

It is in man's nature to hate those whom he has offended.

A Maryland woman has gone crazy from excessive use of tobacco.

The contented man is never poor, the discontented never rich.

A man should live with his superiors as he does with his fire; not too near, lest he burn; not too far, lest he freeze.

Nell: "Have you finished that novel yet?" Belle: "Oh, dear no. I've just begun. Why, I've only finished the last chapter."

While the Sheriff and guards were watching a display of fireworks, six prisoners escaped from the Carrollton, Md., jail.

The Pope has marked his strong disapproval of bull fighting by issuing a decree prohibiting all ecclesiastics from being present at any bull fights.

Gladstone said recently that he was too old to have an opinion on the new woman. His "ideal woman has not altered in the last three score years and ten."

An organ grinder in West Adams street, Chicago, has a baby carriage attached to the music box, in which the little one rests as the mother trundles her about the city.

Lee Song has caught on to civilization in splendid shape. This enlightened Chinaman, who lives at Lawrence, Kansas, has sued a pretty American girl for breach of promise.

"I hear that you are engaged to a girl with an ideal. You are likely to find that sort of girl pretty hard to get along with." "Oh, I guess I am all right. You see, I am the ideal."

A Spanish gentleman claims to have succeeded in extracting from grasshoppers a certain fatty substance, which is capable of being transformed into "the finest soap in the world."

Women prompters have been tried at the Covent Garden Theatre in London with success, as it has been found that their voices carry better across the stage, and are less audible in the auditorium.

A fashionable tailor, who makes garments for those who can afford to pay his price, predicts that the donning of knickerbockers by wheelmen will lead to the revival of the old custom of wearing knee breeches.

Mrs. Smallwort: "I see that hand-painted shirt bosoms are the very newest thing in London." Smallwort: "By George! The baby gets right in fashion every time he has a piece of bread and molasses, doesn't he?"

A recent advertisement in a London paper reads as follows: "Would the gentleman speak yet again, who said in London, 1864, that he loved me, and then that he was thrown over? All remembered. Parents are dead.—E. D. C."

According to a recent lecture of Professor Shuster, of London, the safest course for a human being in a thunder storm is to get thoroughly wet. Franklin remarked that he could kill a rat when dry by means of an electric discharge, but never when it was wet.

Of the 66 generals in the German army all but two are nobles. Of the 75 lieutenant generals all but 13, of the 140 major generals all but 38, and of the 296 colonels all but 88 are nobles. In the Prussian army there are 49 regiments in which every officer is a noble.

A French engineer has conceived the interesting idea of reproducing the house in which Napoleon lived at St. Helena as an attraction during the exhibition of 1900. The house will be an exact copy of the original, surrounded by panoramic canvasses representing the natural environs.

The French Academy has awarded the D'Audriffet prize for self-abnegation to Abbe Kambaud. Becoming blind in early life, Abbe Kambaud devoted himself and fortune to relieving the poor of Lyons. He established schools for the street children and a lodging house for aged people, where they are helped with work.

Ex-Congressman Potter is still living near Potter's Lake, Wis. He became famous many years ago by accepting a challenge to fight a duel from Roger A. Pryor, then a Congressman, naming bowie knives as the weapons. The duel never came off, because the pro-slavery friends of Pryor decided that it would be barbarous.

The grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the mother of President Lincoln, at Rockport, Ind., was decorated on July 4 by women of Perry, Spencer and Warwick counties. It is enclosed by an iron fence, and is marked by a simple, plain headstone, on which is inscribed: "Nancy Hanks Lincoln, Mother of the Martyred President. Died Nov. 5, 1818, aged 35 years."

A story comes from Louth, New South Wales, of an extraordinary adventure of a little boy about 2 years of age who wandered from his home and was lost in the bush. He was tracked 9 miles and over a rabbit-proof fence before he was found. He spent five cold nights in the bush without food or water, and when discovered was still walking, though much exhausted.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A novel gown in leaf green taffetas is garnished with black satin ribbon and with ruffles of accordion-plaited mousseline de soie, cut in deep points and arranged with a narrow beading ruffle. The large godet skirt is encircled by three rows of this garniture, one at the lower edge of the skirt, one a few inches below the waist and the other about half way between these two. The belt of black satin is adorned at the left side by a large moulinet, or wind mill bow, from which two long ends fall almost to the edge of the skirt, where they are finished in a novel fashion by a series of graduated bows, diminishing in size as they descend.

The corsage is a full blouse, mounted on a round yoke of lace, and arranged with a little fullness at the waist. The yoke is surrounded by a ruffle of the mousseline de soie, forming suite to the skirt, and the neck is finished by a collar-band of ribbon, with a large bow at the back. Bouffante puffed sleeves of the silk are finished at the elbow by a similar ruffle, and encircled through the centre by a row of the same garniture.

The very large hat of Neapolitan straw has a wide rolling brim which is bent up in a slight point in the front and turned up flat at the back. It is adorned on one side by an immense chou of mousseline de soie, and on the other by a cluster of tea roses, from the centre of which springs a Paradise aigrette. The cache peigne is formed of half blown tea roses with their foliage.

A toilette with skirt and sleeves of sky blue silk, spotted with darker blue, and bodice of lace, is garnished with large bows of gay striped ribbon. The flaring skirt is unadorned save for two short fans of lace which fall at the side of the godet plaits in back.

The bodice is simply a draped scarf-corsage of lace, caught in the centre of the front by an immense paste button, the open V at the neck being filled in with ivory white satin. The collar band is of the fancy ribbon with a large bow at the back. The bouffante puffed sleeves of silk terminate at the elbow and are adorned by an inserted plaiting of lace, extending from shoulder to elbow and finished at either end by a very large bow of ribbon.

The hat of fancy straw has a wide flat brim, turned up at the back, and adorned by a large bunch of assorted flowers, the cache peigne being en suite.

The midsummer silks are here, and are selling at prices to tempt all womankind. There are dainty white taffetas, showing a fine colored stripe and a shower of indistinct blossoms; wash Indias, which are cool and refreshing in color and design, and gorgeous plaids in faint shades of lilac and green—the most fetching things for a girl's summer silk waist. In price the silks vary from 40 cents to $1 a yard. They should be trimmed with fine, white Spanish lace and bows and ends of the silk itself.

The newest veil to capture the heart of the girl is in itself an effective disguise. The secret of its charm is as yet unexplained. It is made of white chiffon thickly sprinkled with black chenille dots. In length it reaches merely to the chin, and ties in the back with ends which fall over the hair. Another novelty in the way of veiling is dark blue tulle with a tiny edge of yellow valenciennes lace. In this veil the wearer may be recognized.

For outing suits duck is the material most in favor. It is cooler than serge, and the fact that a dip in the wash-tub improves it is much in its favor. The very latest duck suits are combined effectively with pique. An imported frock is made of the best quality of white duck, with gored skirt and Eton coat. The pointed revers of the coat are lined with pink pique, the full sleeves are finished with a military cuff of the pique, and a band of it adorns the hem of the skirt about two inches from the bottom. A less conspicuous duck suit made in the same design is of brown linen duck, trimmed with white pique. With this frock is worn a white pique vest, fastened with brass buttons. Strapped seams are all the vogue.

The belt buckle is here in all its glory. The latest in the way of an inexpensive buckle is of filegree silver set with imitation turquoise. This, fastened to a belt of white silk, is very fetching. Filigree silver is also used with enamelling. One new buckle shows a deep blue enamel heart framed in filigree silver. The jeweled buckles are works of art. Many of them are large enamelled flowers studded with gems. One given as an engagement present showed a natural appearing wild rose in pink enamel with the curled petals glistening with diamond dew drops. This exquisite flower was fastened to a belt of pale pink silk. Belt buckles of yellow gold twisted into the form of a coiled snake are considered fashionable. The snake's eyes are precious stones.

Parasols have reached a condition of elaboration and extravagance in trimming and variety which is quite in keeping with the mid-summer hat and Louis XVI. gown, and the bewildering diversity of chiffon, lace, fancy silk and flowers-covered novelties defies description. The most elegant one on the list is made of white silk covered with real lace, and the tips and handle are of tortoise shell, set with tiny diamonds or sapphires. But this is far beyond the average woman, so she can avail herself of the dainty plain one of light silk with a tiny gold ball at the end of the handle, which is very popular among fashionable women and considered the correct thing. White silk parasols prevail in midsummer, and for these the covering of chiffon, finely plaited and finished with a ruffle around the edge, is almost a necessity, as it softens the glare of light. Painted chiffon, stretched tightly over white silk, is a novelty, and black parasols trimmed with beading, run through with colored baby ribbon, is another. Some of the most elegant parasols are lined as well as trimmed with chiffon, and real Chantilly lace decorates others of black watered silk. Pompadour silks, in both light and dark shades, make exceedingly pretty and serviceable parasols, and the handles are of white or natural-colored wood suitable to the tint of the silk. Parasols of plain silk are made very effective with black or white guipure insertion set in two or three rows around, commencing a little above the edge, and all parasols have a bow of silk or a rosette of lace on the handle. Black and white striped parasols are very popular, and also black parasols trimmed with white, and they have the advantage of harmonizing with every gown, while those covered with checked and changeable silk, with dainty Dresden handles, are always useful. Just the number of parasols needed to complete a summer outfit of fashionable proportions is entirely a question of judgment in making the selections.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Seed Wafers.—One half pound of sugar, one-quarter pound of butter, creamed with the sugar; four eggs, beating very light; enough flour for soft dough, one ounce caraway seeds, mixed with the dry flour. Mix well, roll into a very thin paste. Cut into round cakes, brush each over with the white of an egg, sift powdered sugar upon it, and bake in a brisk oven about ten minutes, or until crisp. Do not take them from the baking tins until nearly cold, as they are apt to break while hot.

Sour Milk Cakes.—One quart sour, or "cloppered" milk, about four cupfuls sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls soda, dissolved in boiling water; three tablespoonfuls molasses; salt to taste. Mix the molasses with the milk. Put the flour into a deep bowl, mix the salt through it; make a hole in the middle and pour in the milk, gradually stirring the flour down into it with a wooden spoon. The batter should not be too thick. When all the milk is in, beat until the mixture is free from lumps and very smooth. Add the soda-water, stir up fast and well, and bake immediately. "Loppered" milk, or "clabber," is better than buttermilk.

Graham Cakes.—Two cupfuls brown flour, one cupful white flour, three cupfuls sour or buttermilk, one full teaspoonful soda, dissolved in hot water, one teaspoonful salt, one heaping tablespoonful lard, three eggs, beaten very light. If you use milk, add two teaspoonfuls cream tartar. Bake as soon as they are mixed.

Coriander Cookies.—One cup of butter, three cups of sugar, one cup "loppered" milk or cream, four eggs, seven cups flour, or just enough to stiffen into a rollable paste; two tablespoonfuls coriander seed (ground or beaten), one tablespoonful of soda, dissolved in boiling water. If you use sweet milk, add two teaspoonfuls cream tartar. You may substitute caraway for the coriander seed.

Vinegar Pie.—One third cup strong vinegar, one cup boiling water, one cup sugar, three tablespoonfuls melted butter, two of flour, one tablespoonful of lemon extract. Put the vinegar, water, sugar and butter into a basin, and let it come to a boil, then stir in the flour, let this cook and then cool. Beat the yolks of two eggs and stir into it, also the lemon, then turn your mixture into your crust and bake. Have the whites of the two eggs beaten to a froth, and sweetened to taste. Pour this over the pie when done, and return to the oven until it is browned just a little, and your pie is ready for tea.

Frozen cantaloupe makes a tempting last course to a cool luncheon. Wipe the melon, cut it in two lengthwise and remove the seeds. Now cut the fruit into long strips. Sprinkle sugar and cinnamon on it—one tablespoonful of cinnamon and six of sugar. Put these strips of fruit in the freezer and pack in salt and ice. Let the freezer stand for an hour and a half. Serve the cantaloupe on a napkin. If desired the seasoning may be omitted.

Currants make an inexpensive and healthful dessert. Here is a pretty way of serving them. Fill the centre of a large glass dish with broken ice; arrange fresh currant leaves around the ice, making a bed on which to place bunches of the fruit. Each person at the table should be provided with a little powdered sugar in which to dip the currants before eating them from the stem.

The cook should try this recipe for peach jelly, as it will be invaluable to use for jelly cake throughout the winter. Crack one-third of the kernels and put them in the jar with the peaches, which should be pared, stoned and sliced. Heat in a pot of boiling water, stirring from time to time until the fruit is well broken. Strain, and to every pint of peach juice add the juice of a lemon. Measure again, allowing a pound of sugar to a pint of liquid. Heat the sugar very hot and add when the juice has boiled twenty minutes. Let it come to a boil and take instantly from the fire.

Blueberry ice cream is rather odd and yet altogether delicious. To make it use one quart of large ripe blueberries, one quart of cream, one cupful of sugar and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Freeze the cream for fifteen minutes. Remove the beater and stir in the blueberries. Pack in a mould or in a freezer and let it stand for an hour or more.

Jam making is described in a few words. The fruit, cleaned, is placed in the vessel on the range and boiled until thoroughly broken up, generally about twenty minutes. Then a pound of sugar is added for each pint of fruit, half of the sugar being put in first and boiled with the fruit for about fifteen minutes, and then the other half is emptied in, the whole concoction then to be boiled for some fifteen minutes more. Most kinds of fruits make excellent jam. Gooseberry is a capital fruit to use.

Cabbage Salad.—Chop rather fine a cabbage of medium size and let it stand for two hours in cold water enough to cover, seasoned with two tablespoonfuls of salt. Beat four eggs well and add to them one pint of vinegar, half a cupful of butter, a scant teaspoonful of pepper and a heaping teaspoonful of mustard. Place the bowl containing the mixture in a basin of boiling water and stir until the mixture begins to thicken—say for about eight minutes; then remove from the fire and add a tablespoonful of sugar. After draining all the water from the cabbage pour this hot dressing over it, and as soon as the dish is cold it is ready to be served. It will keep a week, and is especially nice with cold meats at luncheon or dinner.

ODD NAMES.—The love of unique names is innate with the country darky. On the plantation of Colonel Chess Howard, in Crawford county, Ga., is a family of which the mother's name is Nani Notion Patience Peas Caroline Corncob Elizabeth Penny. Her husband flourishes as King Solomon's Watkins; and her favorite daughter bears the euphonious title of Mitrelicious. An other son is known as John William David Archelaus Gibson. As the family is very religious, so another girl is named: "I will Arise and Go to My Father." But usually she is called "Iwilla" for short. It was not long since that a gentleman was approached by an old darky in Maryland who said that his wife had presented him with boys twins, and that he was "agwine to name em aftah de Lawd." "After the Lord? How are you going to do that?" "Wall, boss, I'se jist gwine to name 'em Hallelujah and Holloway." "Hallelujah isn't a name of the Lord; still it might pass muster as such. But how on earth do you get in 'Holloway?'" "Why, boss, don't yo' know dat in de Good Book it says: Our Father who art in Heaven, Holloway be thy name?'"

WHAT is that which is so brittle that, if you name it, you are sure to break it?—Silence.

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For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

A CURE FOR ALL

SUMMER COMPLAINTS

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with the Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

Internally—half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, watery, bilious appearance, and in Nervous Debility, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness. Constipation, Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c per Box. Sold by druggists.

Send to DR RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

We have received from the F. A. Stokes Company, New York, the latest novel in their very interesting Bijou Series, "Chiffon's Marriage." This translation of this celebrated story, by Mrs. Patchett Martin, has received the enthusiastic approval of the famous French writer Gyp (La Comtesse de Martel), herself. For sale by Porter & Coates.

We have received from the publisher, W. T. Benners, Jr., this city, Mrs. E Burke Collins latest novel, "A Modern Heathen."

Number II of the beautiful "Book of the Fair," is issued and its magnificent printing and illustrations are fully on a par with those preceding it. Published by the Bancroft Co, Chicago. Price $1 00 per part.

"Music," the monthly magazine devoted to the tuneful art, is out for July and grows better if such a thing be possible with every number. None interested in music in its best estate can well afford to dispense with this more than valuable publication. Published at Chicago.

The third paper, dealing with the "Dancer and Musician," in Herbert Spencer's series on Professional Institutions, appears in The Popular Science Monthly for July. This number contains also an occasional article by Mr. Spencer under the title "Mr. Balfour's Dialectics." Dr. Andrew D. White, in "Beginnings of Scientific Interpretation," tells how the pioneers of scientific investigation of the Hebrew Scriptures were suppressed. Dr. Nathan Oppenheim discusses the question "Why Children Lie?" and M. Charles Fere writes on "Morbid Heredity." In the Editor's Table a scientific view of "Social Evolution," is given. D. Appleton & Company, New York.

BIRD SUPERSTITION.

The magpie is, by almost universal consent, considered to be a bird of ill omen.

In Germany and the north of Europe it is believed that witches often transform themselves into its shape, or use it as their steed.

In Scotland, the magpie is sometimes called the devil's bird, and is believed to have a drop of the devil's blood in its tongue.

The country people of Oldenberg consider the magpie to be so imbued with satanic principles that if a cross be cut in the tree in which it has built its nest, the female will desert the nest at once.

There are several reasons ascribed for this bird's bad reputation, one of them being that she was the only bird which would not go into the ark with Noah and his folks, but liked better to perch on the roof and jabber over the drowning world.

The appearance of a magpie is, according to popular belief, something of mysterious import, and various practices are adopted in different localities to avert the ill luck that would otherwise ensue.

In some parts, however—in Shropshire, for instance, and throughout Norway—magpies are considered as harbingers of good luck. As an instance of the opposite lights in which the magpie is regardrd, may be mentioned the belief in the Tyrol, that broth in which the bird has been boiled, will make him who drinks it crazy. On the other hand, the pastor of a church near Dresden is reputed to have cured several epileptic patients by the same savory drink.

In his "Salmonia," Sir Humphry Davy says: "For anglers in the spring it is always unlucky to see single magpies; but two may be always regarded as a favorable omen; and the reason is that in cold and stormy weather one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or the young ones; but when two go out together it is only when the weather is warm and mild and favorable for fishing."

Grouse, however, goes more fully into the subject, and says: "It is unlucky to see first one magpie and then more; but to see two denotes marriage or merriment, three a successful journey, four an unexpected piece of good news, and five a company of good friends."

There is a very ancient superstition which says that when you see a magpie you should cross yourself; if you do not you will be unlucky for the rest of the day, or in what you are about to undertake. The peasantry of Lancashire, on seeing one or more magpies, thus sum up their luck:

One for anger, two for mirth,
Three for a wedding, four for a birth,
Five for rich, six for poor,
Seven for a witch, I can tell you no more.

In some parts of Devonshire the more superstitious of the peasantry, when scared by a single magpie, avert the omen by repeating this charm:

Clean birds by sevens,
Unclean by twos;
The dove in the heavens,
Is the one I choose.

In Yorkshire the charm is broken by the raising of the hat at a single magpie. In some parts of Northumberland it is nothing unusual to hear the following couplet on seeing one or more magpies:

One is sorrow, two is mirth,
Three is a wedding, four is a birth,
Five heaven, six hell,
Seven, the deil's ain sel.

Another version of the same rhyme, peculiar to Suffolk, I believe, runs as follows:

One for sorrow, two for joy,
Three for a wedding, four for a birth,

And there the enumeration ends. In Wales and the midland counties I have frequently heard this version:

One for sorrow, two for joy,
Three for a girl and four for a boy.

The latter evidently has reference to the prospect of a birth in the family of the person who sees four, within a very short period. In Wensleydale they say of both the magpie and the raven:

One for sorrow, two for luck,
Three for a wedding, four for a death,
Five for silver, six for gold,
Seven for a bonny lass twenty years old.

To dream of a magpie indicates that you will soon be married, but that you will lose your partner before you have been married five years. If you dream of seeing two magpies, you will be twice married and twice a widow. To dream of three magpies forebodes the death of your wife in childbed, and also the death of the child.

WHAT SHE SAID.—Clara: "Oh, I am so glad to see you! I have some news."

Maud: "What can it be?"

Clara (blushing): "Can't—you—guess?"

Maud (enthusiastically): "Oh, I know! It's a proposal."

Clara: "Yes. But you don't know who it's from."

Maud: "Let me see. Why, it must be from——from——"

Clara: "Charley Hashins."

Maud (hiding her surprise): "Oh, yes, of course. What did he say, dear?"

Clara: "Oh, he was so nice! He began by declaring that he had always thought of me."

Maud: "Oh yes. Ever since he met you that time at the seashore."

Clara: "Exactly. And then——"

Maud: "Then—he was sitting on a chair, wasn't he? He moved over to the sofa and took your hand in both of his, and told you how he had gradually learned to love you, and remarked incidentally that he thought that kind of love was the most lasting."

Clara: "Why, so he did!"

Maud: "Then he was silent for a time, and finally said you must excuse him, but he was so overcome by his emotions. Then his arm slipped around your waist, and he said you were the only girl in all the world he had ever cared for in his whole life, adding that he could not live without you. No, no, that would be impossible. And would you not say just the one little word that would make him, oh, so happy?"

Clara: "Well, I don't see how you knew, but it was something like that."

Maud: "And what was your answer?"

Clara (beaming): "Why, dear, what would you have said?"

Maud: "I said 'No.'"

TO FORETELL THE WEATHER.—M. Sauvogen, a Spanish savant, has for several years past observed the phenomena occurring in a cup of coffee after being sugared, and has arrived at the following conclusions, which he considers perfectly trustworthy:—

When the sugar dissolves quietly in the coffee without stirring, numberless little bubbles of air rise to the surface of the liquid.

If these form a frothy mass in the middle of the cup, you may safely rely upon fine weather for some time.

On the other hand, if the froth collects in a ring around the margin of the vessel, heavy rain may be expected.

Further, when the froth remains halfway between the sides and the centre of the cup, the weather is sure to be changeable; but should the froth flow in spots and lumps towards the sides of the cup, we may look for gentle rain.

M. Sauvogen has regularly compared these phenomena with the indications of the barometer and thermometer, and did not publish his observations until he had satisfied himself that they were quite correct. As the means are so simple, anyone can easily make the experiment himself.

SHE GOT NEITHER.—The Italian papers have a pretty story, which has, nevertheless, a melancholy side to it, about Queen Margaret. The Queen became interested in the condition of a poor girl who had, in simple kindness, knitted a pair of stockings and sent them to her on her birthday.

Her Majesty often resort to ingenious ways of showing her generosity, and on this occasion she sent the little girl a pair of stockings in return for those she had received. One of these stockings was filled with coin, and the other with bonbons. With the gift the kindly Queen sent a letter, written with her own hand, which contained the following words:

"Write and tell me, my child, which you like the better of those two stockings—which one giver you the more pleasure?"

Next day Queen Margaret received this disappointing reply—

"DEAR MADAME QUEEN.—About the stockings, I have had just sorrow, and nothing more; for my father took the one with the money, and my brother the one with the bonbons!"

RETURNED FROM THE COUNTRY.—It was in a road car. She had been away for several months, and the children had gone to meet her. They chatted away merrily, while she patted their little heads, and smiled interestedly.

"How's Mary?" she inquired, when they stopped for breath.

"Oh, she's well. She's taking her music lessons all right."

"And Harry?"

"He's going to school. Started last week."

"And papa?"

"He's well too. He's having a splendid time. He said he didn't care if you didn't come back for a year."

The passengers roared.

Grabbing the children with both hands, she rushed for the door, with an "I'll-get-even-with-him-for-this" expression on her face.

A MONARCH OF ITS KIND.

Long experience covering a number of years has proved of the many bicycles claiming the attention of the public not one possesses the advantages of the Monarch manufactured by the The Monarch Cycle Company, Chicago. In all the essentials of strength, comfort, safety, ease of riding, lightness and beauty it is pre-eminent. Not only has it all that every high grade bicycle must have it order to satisfy ordinary conditions, but it possesses a number of advantages exclusively its own. Bicycling has become such a universal means of enjoyment and health that many makers of wheels have not hesitated to put inferior articles on the market and at the same time are sufficiently unscrupulous to ask for them a price that would put an intending purchaser in possession of an article fully justifying such expenditure. To make sure that they get the best, both in quality and for the money paid we can refer prospective buyers to the Monarch. In order to partly understand wherein its superiority consists let our readers send for their illustrated catalogue, which will be forwarded free and judge for themselves.

"You ask high wages," said the mistress of the house; "but I am willing to pay good wages to a good girl. You are prepared to give satisfaction, I suppose, in the matter of references?" "As to references, mum," replied the young woman in the gay bonnet, haughtily, "I don't require 'em. References is out of place between ladies."

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
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No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MISS EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '88 Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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Your Stomach Distresses You

after eating a hearty meal, and the result is a chronic case of Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, or bilious attack.

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to the person submitting the most meritorious invention during the preceding month.

WE SECURE PATENTS FOR INVENTORS, and the object of this offer is to encourage persons of an inventive turn of mind. At the same time we wish to impress the fact that

It's the Simple Trivial Inventions That Yield Fortunes

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Almost every one conceives a bright idea at some time or other. Why not put it in practical use? YOUR talents may lie in this direction. May make your fortune. Why not try?

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The responsibility of this company may be judged by the fact that its stock is held in nearly two thousand of the leading newspapers in the United States.

Humorous.

MAN AND THE WEATHER.

Man's a fool!
When it's hot, he wants it cool;
When it's cold, he wants it hot—
No'er contented with his lot.

When it's dry,
He for showers is heard to sigh;
When—to meet his wish—it rains,
Of the wet the fool complains.

Hot or cold, dry or wet,
Nothing suits that he can get;
I consider, as a rule,
Man's a fool.

—U. N. Nown.

Latest things in boots—Holes.

A bear spot—The Northern pole.

An upper flat—An aristocratic noodle.

Paternal achers—The "old man's" corns.

A firm foundation—Establishing a partnership.

The most difficult instrument to play—Second fiddle.

A paper wait—When the printing-press breaks down.

One good way of getting out of a scrape is to let your beard grow.

It's because the butter is so soft to him that the susceptible fly gets stuck on it.

One good turn deserves another, remarked the corkscrew as it struggled through the cork.

"Grace before meat," said Noah, as he held the elephant back to make room for the antelope.

She: "I don't like a beard on a man."

He: "I didn't like it at first, but then it grew on me by degrees."

Clerk: "Yes, sir! That's one of the best clocks we have in the store. It goes eight days without winding."

He who said that the half is often better than the whole, might have added that none at all is often better than even a better half.

Editing a paper is like carrying an umbrella on a windy day. Everybody thinks he could manage it better than the one who has hold of the handle.

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."

Jones complained of a bad smell about the post-office, and asked Brown what it could be? Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by "the dead letters."

"I'll shine your shoes so's you'll see your face in 'em," said the boy.

"How absurd!" said Wilkins. "I'm satisfied to see my feet in my shoes, without seeing my face in them."

Reporter: "I suppose you realized a large sum of money on your last fight, didn't you?"

Pugilist: "Naw, I didn't realize nothing until I came to, a week after der scrap."

Maude: "What do you suppose Gus De Noodle said when I told him I wanted to speak to him a moment last night?"

Beatrice: "I don't know. What?"

Maude: "Replied that he was all ears."

Beatrice: "The Donkey!"

"Keep out of debt, young man," said the philosopher. "People will think better of you for it."

"Perhaps," was the thoughtful reply; "and yet I've noticed that the more I owe people the gladder they always seem to see me."

An inventive Yankee has produced an apparatus which he says is a cure for snoring. He fastens upon the nose a gutta percha tube leading to the tympanum of the ear. When never the snores, he himself receives the first impression, finds how disagreeable it is, and, of course, reforms.

Bass: And of which variety is your wife, the clinging vine or the self-assertive?

Cass: A little of both. When she wants a new dress or a new bonnet she generally begins in the clinging vine role; if that doesn't bring the money, then she changes to the self-assertive; and—well—she invariably gets the dress or bonnet.

During the war old Rastus was asked by a Federal soldier why he was not out fighting for his rights.

After pondering for a moment, he replied: "Did yo' ebber see two dogs a fightin' over a bone, sah?"

"Yes, oh yes."

"Did yo' ebber see de bone fight?"

"What time of night was it, madam," asked the defendant's attorney, "that you say you saw the prisoner ransacking your room?"

"About three o'clock in the morning," returned the witness.

"Was it dark in the room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Couldn't see your husband at your side?"

"No, sir."

"Now, madam," triumphantly, "will you please explain how it is that you could the defendant here, and yet could not see your husband?"

"Certainly; my husband was at the lodge."

PAY AS YOU GO.—This advice is always good, but it is specially timely, now that the prospect ahead for work or business looks encouraging, and everybody feels cheerful.

How many times have you said to yourself during the past few years, "If I could only get my bills squared up, I never would be caught in this way again," and you have fussed and worried over debts, contracted when times were flush and the prospect of paying them seemed fair. Now is a good time to turn over a new leaf, because it is just the time when the temptation to do the same thing again is strong upon you.

If your wages are increased or you are selling more goods and getting a better profit, you begin to think "now I can buy that new carpet or chamber set that my wife wants and can pay for it in a short time." You had better wait until you have paid up all the old debts first.

Don't get trusted. Pay for your provisions and groceries as you go along and husband what you have over. The relief from the old debts will be like the recovery from a boil—you feel better when it is well—and the comfort of feeling that the little pile you accumulate is subject to to nobody's lien, is a positive pleasure.

Flush times almost invariably lead to speculation, and speculation includes not only the investment in stocks or lands for a rise, but the discounting of the future for anything that you want.

The man who buys what he is unable to pay for at the time of the purchase, is mortgaging his life and his labor, and incurring a burden which most likely he will regret.

"Pay as you go" is a wise maxim, for yourself honest, and for your neighbor just. Its observance will lighten the cares and burdens of life, sweeten toil, encourage industry, reward honesty, promote good neighborhood and induce prosperity.

NO CAUSE FOR HURRY.—A lazy and loquacious farmer called at a neighbor's house one morning.

"Sit down, sit down!" exclaimed the neighbor.

"I don't know as I ought," replied the farmer; but nevertheless he sat down.

After some talk about the crops, and the value of an adjoining piece of land, the visitor said slowly—

"I don't know as I ought to be sitting here. I came over to see if I could get a ladder; our house is afire."

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Heavy Growth
Of Hair, use
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Hair Vigor
One
Bottle will do
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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.10, 9.10, 10.14, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.28, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.
Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.
Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.
FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 4.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, (Saturday only, 1.32 p m), 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.33, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.06, 4.25, 8.33, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)
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For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m) 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 11.05 a m, 1.45, 4.25, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.03, p m.
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For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.
For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.
FOR ATLANTIC CITY.
Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.45 a m, (Saturdays only 1.30) 2.00, 3.00, 3.45, 4.00, 4.45, 5.00, 5.40 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, 7.00 a m. Sundays—Express, 7.45, 8.45, 9.30, 9.00, 10.00 a m, 4.45 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1.00 Excursion train 7.00 a m.
Returning, leave Atlantic City (depot) week-days, express, (Mondays only, 6.45) 7.00, 7.45, 8.15, 9.00, 10.15 a m, 3.15, 4.30, 5.30, 7.30, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.25, 8.00 a m, 4.52 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 6.00 p m. Sundays—Express, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.45 a m, 5.05 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave, 6.10 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.
FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad), Express, 9.15 a m, (Saturdays only 1.00), 4.15, 5.15 p m. Sundays, 7.15, 9.15 a m. Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.
Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 1.30 p m.
Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 809 S. Third street, 3902 Market street and at stations.
Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.
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